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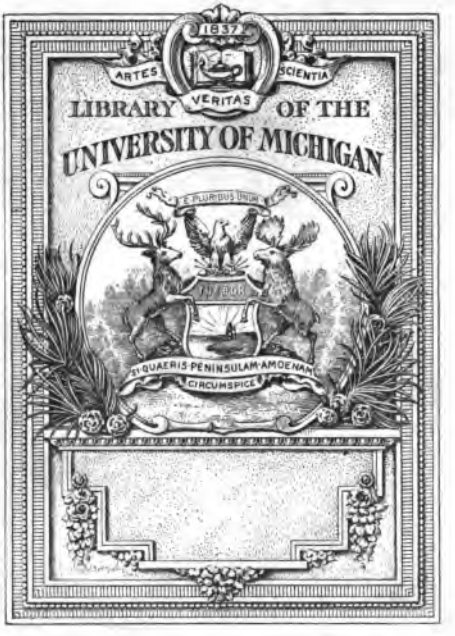
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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 25

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

RACHEL BAUMANN

NEW YORK
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
After the Wedding	94
Amphion.—Alfred Tennyson	166
Arkansaw Farmer, The	151
Aunt Deborah Hears "The Messiah"	31
Before the Toy Shop Window.—John Kendrick Bangs	29
Bill	96
Borrowed Child, The.—Howard Weeden	165
Building of the Barn, The.—Charles D. Bingham	124
Conjure Woman, The	16
Courtship of Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney, The.—Charles Dickens	77
Cricket, The.—Henry B. Watterson	54
David and Goliath	86
Dead Pussy-Cat, The	146
Disallusionizing of Alexander Oldworthy, The.—Charles Reade	24
Effects of Intemperance, The	150
Ember Picture, An.—James Russell Lowell	42
Ethelinda's Recitations	107
Foreigners at the Fair.—Fred Emerson Brooks	143
Good Measure	100
Guenn.—Blanche Willis Howard	169
Hail, Bonny September!—Dora Read Goodale	149
"Hangin' On."—Frank L. Stanton	123
His Majesty the King.—Rudyard Kipling	159
How Norman Won the Race.—J. M. Whitson	56
Irrepressible Boy, An	175
Jackanapes.—Juliana H. Ewing	66
L'Ange Qui Veille.—Victor Hugo	147
Little Gavroche.—Victor Hugo	111
Little Highland Shepherdess.—Lilla Vannan	133
Long-Felt Want, The	70

PAGE
Lost Kiss, The.—James Whitcomb Riley 21
Love's Calendar 20
Meeting of the Clabberhuses, The.—Sam Walter Foss 84
Mr. Barker's Picture.—Max Adeler 102
Mt. Pisgah's Christmas 'Possum.—Paul Laurence Dunbar 127
My Old Rag Doll.—Harriet F. Crocker 92
New Girl's Logic, The.—Mrs. Howard J. Curtis 105
New South, The.—Henry W. Grady 13
New Woman Considered, The.—Sarah Marshall Graham 17
Night Wind, The.—Eugene Field 101
Our New Servant.—J. M. Barrie 7
"Pa Never Does" 65
Pards.—Effie W. Merriman 117
Partial Critic, A 95
Professor's Ball Game, The.—Will H. Irwin 91
Provider, The.—Louise Imogen Guiney 44
Queer Word, A 53
Round the Year—George Cooper 60
Sensitive-Plant, The.—Percy Bysshe Shelley 71
Silly Billy.—Fred Emerson Brooks 141
Spelling-Match at Grande Pointe, The.—George W. Cable 35
St. Agnes' Eve.—Alfred Tennyson 104
This Old Country.—Frank L. Stanton 58
Tim's Madonna.—Elizabeth D. Renninger 152
Too Old for Father's Kisses.—Charles D. Bingham 51
Twilight.—Grace Blackburn 111
Under-Prefect, The 137
Union, A.—Katharine Eggleston Junkermann 139
Washington's Kiss.—Annie S. Downs 134
Weather Bureau, The 123
Well of St. Keyne, The.—Robert Southey 22
Which General?—Kate W. Hamilton 127
Wonderful Dog Story, A.—E. J. Wheeler 61

INDEX TO AUTHORS.

	PAGE
Adeler, Max	102
Bangs, John Kendrick	29
Barrie, J. M	7
Bingham, Charles D	51, 124
Blackburn, Grace	111
Brooks, Fred Emerson	141, 143
Cable, George W	35
Cooper, George	60
Crocker, Harriet F	92
Curtis, Mrs. Howard J	105
Dickens, Charles	77
Downs, Annie S	134
Dunbar, Paul Laurence	127
Ewing, Juliana H	66
Field, Eugene	101
Foss, Sam Walter	84
Goodale, Dora Read	149
Grady, Henry W	13
Graham, Sarah Marshall	17
Guiney, Louise Imogen	44
Hamilton, Kate W	127
Howard, Blanche Willis	169
Hugo, Victor	111, 147
Irwin, Will H	91
Junkermann, Katharine Eggleston	139
Kipling, Rudyard	159
Lowell, James Russell	42
Merriman, Effie W	117
Reade, Charles	24
Renninger, Elizabeth D	152
Riley, James Whitcomb	21

Shelles, Percy Bysshe..... 71
Southey, Robert..... 22
Stanton, Frank L.....58, 123
Tennyson, Alfred.....104, 166
Vannan, Lilla..... 133
Watterson, Henry B..... 54
Weeden, Howard..... 165
Wheeler, E. J..... 61
Whitson, J. M..... 56

WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 25.

OUR NEW SERVANT.

J. M. BARRIE.

[By permission of the American Publishers' Corporation, publishers.]

"AT last," my wife said to me, "I am to have a good servant."

She had said this frequently before, and afterward changed her mind. Though we were but lately married, we had already had considerable experience with servants, and the newcomer was to take the place of one who smashed things, but had too much delicacy to mention it. As the china was also delicate, we had to choose between her and it.

"You need not look so skeptical," said my wife, "for this is really an extremely superior servant. She has the most glowing characters from four former mistresses. She has only been a servant for a year, yet they all speak of her as a gem."

"But they don't seem to have kept her long," I pointed out.

"No; I noticed that, and asked them why it was. Two of them said that she was really too good for them, and the others only repeated that she was a marvel."

The new servant arrived in the evening. I am not a man who takes much part in the domestic man-

agement of the house, and she began her work without an interview with me. I noticed her first at family worship, when her lady-like manners made me think that she might be a princess in disguise. She was removing the supper things, when my wife said to me in French:

"Is she not quite distinguished-looking?"

Having thought out the grammatical form of reply, as suggested by the "Students' Manual," I answered in the same language:

"Yes, her elegant manner of carrying away the tray fascinates me."

Then the servant said, in a sweet, musical voice: "Pardon me, but perhaps I ought to say that I speak French."

My wife looked at me, and I looked at my wife. I whistled softly, and that was a language the new servant seemed to understand, too. As soon as she had retired, "Well, she is a superior girl," I said, and my wife nodded, but without enthusiasm. For my own part I must say I was rather glad to see the French language put a stop to in our family.

There could be no doubt that our new servant was all that her former mistresses called her. She could pile on coals without putting out the fire, and her cooking was as good as her French. Indeed, one would have said that she had learned both in the same country. As soon as the door-bell rang she was at the door to open it, and she never entertained her male cousins in the kitchen.

My wife reads a good many novels, which it was my custom to get for her from a library. She has a leaning toward learning and an inclination to the frivolous, which struggle for the mastery over her, and, accordingly, she tells me to get a queer assortment of books for her. Herbert Spencer and Florence Marryat are her two favorite authors.

"What novels will I get for you to-day?" I asked her, soon after the new servant came.

She sighed for reply.

"I don't think I'll read any more novels," she added, in a dejected voice.

"Waste of time?" I asked.

She sighed again.

"It is the servant," she said.

"Why, what has she been doing? I thought she was such a good servant that you would have more time for reading now than ever?"

"Oh, she is a model servant; but I don't like her to see me reading novels."

"You didn't use to be so particular. Are you afraid to set her a bad example?"

"I wish I could. No, I don't mean that, but I am ashamed to read light books in her presence. I see her raising her eyebrows in surprise every time she finds me with three volumes in my lap."

"She can't know anything about what is inside the books."

"Oh, does she not! When I went into the kitchen yesterday evening, I found her reading Huxley. The day before I noticed a copy of Walter Savage Landor on the dresser, and thought it was yours. I began to say to her that she must not take away your books from the library without my permission, and what do you think her answer was?"

"No doubt she said the cat had brought it."

"Ah, she is not like other servants. She said it was her own copy, and that she would not have thought of taking yours in any case, because it is an incomplete edition."

"What on earth could have induced the girl to buy a copy of Landor?"

"She told me she liked to read him because he wrote such a superb style. 'As stylists,' she said, 'Landor and De Quincey are my two favorite authors.'"

"What a superior servant!"

"Yes, but she did not surprise me. Books are her

chief subject of conversation. She told me the other night, in her opinion Froude did not understand Carlyle."

"I expect she puts on airs?"

"No, quite the contrary; she is always very polite and obliging. I never have the least trouble with her. What makes me uncomfortable is the feeling that in her heart she must despise me."

From the day we had this conversation, I was asked to bring few novels to the house. Those that did come were at once locked away in drawers, only to be taken out and perused when my wife was not under our superior servant's eyes. It was melancholy to see my wife slipping a novel beneath her chair when the new servant came in.

In time, I felt the presence of that girl hardly less than my wife did. I remember shaking one evening when she detected me reading my incomplete volume of Landor. I had begun to take in an edition of "Selected Works" of the poets, but I gave them up. How could I read selected works, when she had the complete works in the kitchen?

My wife and I have naturally simple tastes, and we used to play bagatelle in the evening. When the new servant saw us at it she could not help smiling, and then we were ashamed. We continued to play, because neither of us liked to let on to the other, but often my wife blushed, and so did I.

"The fire is low," I said, one night while we were playing. "You had better ring for coals."

"But what would Isabella think," said my wife, "if she saw us playing at bagatelle again?"

"I don't care what Isabella thinks," I cried, in a passion. "Is she master in this house, or am I?"

"Shut the bagatelle board," she replied, "and I'll ring."

I was not to make myself as small as this, however, so I rang fiercely, and when Isabella answered it I glared

like one who meditated eating her. She did not smile this time, but I, too, felt that her respect for her master was going.

"Isabella tells me," my wife said next day, "that the ancients used to play a game not unlike bagatelle."

"Then we have a warrant for playing it."

"But she says they only played it when they were children."

After that we played bagatelle no more. It was never mentioned by either of us. The board was hidden away beneath the spare bedroom bed. Soon I noticed that my wife had begun to make her own dresses. From one point of view this was not a matter for her husband to complain of, but my wife looked so woe-begone that I asked why she had become her own dressmaker.

"Isabella," she replied.

"Well, what has Isabella been doing now?"

"She has not been doing anything. But she makes her own dresses and sews so beautifully that I am utterly ashamed of myself. I can't look her in the face."

I stamped my feet, for I had now begun to hate that jewel of a servant.

One Sunday I noticed that my wife carried a note-book and a pencil to church with her.

"Are you to take notes of the sermon?" I asked.

She said that was her intention.

"What," I asked, "put this into your head?"

"Can't you guess?" she asked.

"Not that wretched Isabella?" I cried.

"Yes, of course it was, but don't call her names. She is a model servant."

"I suppose she takes notes of the sermons?"

"She does more than that, she takes the complete sermon down in shorthand."

About a week ago a series of lectures on English literature and other subjects was begun in our town.

"Those who get so many marks in the examinations," my wife told me, "can then go to St. Andrews and become L.L.A., I think it is."

I had no desire that my wife should be an L.L.A., but she wanted to attend, and I did not mind.

"Is this not the first night of the lectures?" I asked her, one evening.

She said it was.

"Then is it not time you were getting ready?"

"Oh, I'm not going."

"Not going? Why?"

"Isabella——"

"This is too much! What has Isabella to say against the lectures?"

"She says nothing against them. She is going."

"Wh-a-t!"

"I couldn't prevent her. She hardly ever asks out."

"Well, it would have been absurd if you and she had gone together."

"Perhaps, but that is not what made me give the idea up. I feel that Isabella will certainly take most marks in the examination, and that shames me."

"Hum! I think that the best thing we can do with Isabella is to bid her leave."

My wife's eyes gleamed with delight.

"But she is such a perfect girl," she said. "We could have no excuse for sending her away."

"Excellent excuses," I said; "I want to read novels again and to play bagatelle and, in short, to feel that I am as good as my servant."

"We will never get such a servant again."

"I hope not. She is too good for us."

The end of it was that I bribed Isabella to go. We now have a servant who can not write her own name, and she is a delightful change.

"WHY don't you answer?" said madame, impatiently, to the Scandinavian on the step-ladder, engaged in putting up new window fixtures.

The man gulped and replied gently: "I have my mout' full of screws; I not can speak till A svaller some."

THE NEW SOUTH.

HENRY W. GRADY.

"THERE was a South of slavery and secession,—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom,—that South is living, breathing, growing, every hour."

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. How, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! I will tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home. Think of the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, ragged, half-starved, he turned his face southward from Appomattox, in April, 1865. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow, and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? Answer, you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned full payment for four years' sacrifice. He finds the home he left so prosperous and beautiful in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his barn empty, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone.

What does he do—this hero in gray with heart of gold? Sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who has stripped him of his prosper-

ity, inspired him in his adversity. Restoration was swift. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with harvest in June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and the upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering—honest, brave, and generous always.

When Lee surrendered, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union. She fought hard enough to know she was whipped, and in the toad's head of defeat she found her jewel. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever, when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime, the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy—a social system, compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core, a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace.

The new South is enamored of her work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of glowing power and prosperity. As she stands upright and full-statured, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. She has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that

crowns its central hills—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men,—that of a brave and simple man, who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way down, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their names with his heroic blood. But, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered, and for which he gave his life, was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, that human slavery was swept from the American soil, and the American union saved from the wreck of war.

This message comes to you from consecrated ground. The very soil of the State of Georgia is as sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic, and hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers, who died for your victory, and hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better,—an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of the American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of

your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a delusion and a cheat? If she does, the South must accept with dignity its refusal. If she does not, then standing, heart to heart and clasping hands, we will remain citizens of the same country, members of the same government, all united now and united forever.

THE CONJURE WOMAN.

DAT ole Aun' Tempy—she wot live
Yander in de grove—she give
Sumpin to our muley cow,
An' no soul cain't milk her now;
An' we-all's hawgs, dey runs an' squeals
Like someun chase 'em throo de fields;
An' more dan dat: Dar's ole Unc' Sam'l
Cain't sca'c'ly use his laigs at all,
An' says she conjured him', he know;
Ya-ap'm! Dat's so!

An' wunst dey wuz a 'ooman, too,
Heerd all 'bout what Aun' Tempy do;
An' she gwine ax her, so she sayed,
To kyore de risin' in her haid.
Aun' Tempy mighty mad dat day.
She neber had one wud to say,
But gin a cur'us kin' o' cough,
Dat 'ooman's haid fell right smack off,
An' rolt across de cabin floor!
Ya-ap'm! Dat's so!

Wunst me an' Uncle Isham's Bill,
We clum up to de window sill
At ole Aun' Tempy's, an' peeped in,
An' dat dar pizen 'ooman been

A-cookin' sumpin' in a pot,
Smell mighty bad, I dunno wot;
She spat her han's toge'r like dat,
An' 'gun a-talkin' to de cat.
Den we lit out to'ds home fo' sho'!
Ya-ap'm! Dat's so!

THE NEW WOMAN CONSIDERED.

SARAH MARSHALL GRAHAM.

SHE picked up the fencing foils and ran up the stairs two at a time, through the picture-gallery, into the gymnasium. She wore a white woolen sweater and crimson bloomers; her eyes sparkled with health, her skin was as smooth and fair as a rose-leaf. The family portraits, every last man of them, craned their necks to get another look at her.

Spanish explorer, French marquis, Dutch settler, Cromwell's sober Roundhead, early Puritan, latter-day Yankee, handsome Indian chief—for alas! the proud family had known one mésalliance—all were eager to stare at the lovely vision.

DUTCHMAN. What is that which just passed through?

ROUNDHEAD. It should be a man by the garb, but the outlines were those of a woman.

FRENCHMAN. St. Denis aid me, but she was fair to look upon! Marked you her trim ankles?

SPANISH EXPLORER. I beheld more than ankles. To me she seemed some bold matador ready for the fight. I say she violates etiquette, in attiring herself thus.

PURITAN. 'Tis Monday of the week; why bendeth she not over the family washtub?

ROUNDHEAD. Who prepareth the noontide meal?

INDIAN. The chief's wampum goes unstrung.

DUTCHMAN. She should be on her knees scouring the kitchen floor. How have such things come about?

YANKEE. I have heard bits of talk as people pass,—I always keep my eyes open. It seems that women have become completely changed. They now rebel against tradition, and scorn St. Paul. It is whispered that they have blotted out the word "obey" from the marriage service. [*General groan.*]

ROUNDHEAD. O froward and perverse! O generation of vipers!

FRENCHMAN. The little serpents are lovely as angels.

YANKEE. They join clubs, they read the papers, they deride the laws that we have made to govern them.

SPANIARD. Horrible! Where are their duennas?

YANKEE. The duennas are the worst of the lot. They began it, wearing their hair short and clamoring for emancipation. In some states the women now go to the polls and vote.

ROUNDHEAD. Hussies!

PURITAN. I would put them in the stocks. I would duck them in running water. I would brand their shameless foreheads.

YANKEE. They deck themselves gaily.

FRENCHMAN. That they ever did. 'Tis no crime, they would be beautiful in our eyes.

YANKEE. They consider fields and buy them; they plant vineyards; they take up claims.

INDIAN. Ugh! Heap fool business! Who carries the wigwam? Who skins the deer? Who hoes the corn?

YANKEE. Not that fair squaw in the gymnasium, putting on grace and muscle. The brave hoes the corn, or there wouldn't be a kernel in the land.

INDIAN. Glad I'm a good dead Injun!

SPANIARD. What is her object in doing these scandalous, these unlicensed, things?

YANKEE. Why, they say that they have been downtrodden and oppressed for ages by brute men; haven't had a fair chance; they even declare the Lord created them the equals of us.

ROUNDHEAD. Jezebels! The Lord made them subject to us in all things as weaker vessels. I would keep them down with a heavy hand.

YANKEE. Your day has passed. What could you do with that compound of fire and steel yonder? She would fight; she would run you through with her sword.

SPANIARD [*thoughtfully*]. The maid of Saragossa. I heard of her after my time.

YANKEE. She boxes, she rides strange machines through the highways, she drives four horses, she drills like a soldier, she knows no fear.

FRENCHMAN [*enthusiastically*]. Joan of Arc! St. Joan!

DUTCHMAN. There were such at Leyden and at Sluys.

YANKEE. She dances all night, she hunts and swims, she wheedles her old father.

INDIAN. Pocahontas again.

YANKEE. She studies Greek and medicine, she slums, she visits the sick in hospitals. You will find her on the battle-field before the smoke has cleared away.

ROUNDHEAD [*respectfully*]. Florence Nightingale! She was not of the Stuarts' reign; she came later.

YANKEE. Strong, healthy, earnest, gay, sympathetic, full of fads; she laughs, weeps, sings, flirts,——

FRENCHMAN. Ah!

YANKEE. Works and plays. She rules the world with a rod of iron. Men call her the "New Woman."

ROUNDHEAD. She is a mystery. I give her up.

YANKEE. I never will.

FRENCHMAN. Other times, other manners. Let her be what she will. I suppose she still can love.

YANKEE. New as she is, she is as old as Eve. A warm heart beats under that sweater.

DUTCHMAN. It takes an idea some time to penetrate my head, but I have been thinking that may be we all are responsible for her. In Holland women fought and starved and drowned along with the best of us when they

drove out Alva's hordes, and they never complained.

SPANIARD. Isabella and Columbus.

FRENCHMAN. We Frenchman have always let them set their dainty feet on our necks.

ROUNDHEAD. Magna Charta and the roast beef of old England.

INDIAN. Fresh air and a free life.

PURITAN. Strength through endurance.

YANKEE. The declaration of independence! Three cheers for the new woman! Hush; here she comes, the darling!

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

FULL-FLOWERED summer lies upon the land,
I kiss your lips, your hair, and then your hand
Slips into mine. Lo! we two understand
That love is sweet.

The rose-leaf falls, the color fades and dies,
The sunlight fades, the summer birdlike flies.
Then comes a shade across your wistful eyes—
Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain,
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain.
Can any note revive the broken strain?
Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere;
I turn to you and in my heart's despair
Find peace and rest; we know, through foul and fair,
That love is sweet.

THE LOST KISS.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[By permission of the Bowen-Merrill Co., publishers.]

I PUT by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up where was broken
The tear-faded thread of my theme,
Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
A fairy broke in on my dream,
A little inquisitive fairy——
My own little girl, with the gold
Of the sun in her hair and the dewy
Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded.
"For was it a moment like this,"
I said, "when she knew I was busy,
To come romping in for a kiss?—
Come rowdying up from her mother,
And clamoring there at my knee
For 'one 'ittle kiss for my dolly,
And one 'ittle uzzer for me.'"

God pity the heart that repelled her
And the cold hand that turned her away,
And take, from the lips that denied her,
This answerless prayer of to-day!

Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
That pitiful sob of despair,
And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on: "Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it or who'd understand?"
But the little bare feet on the stairway,
And the faint smothered laugh in the hall,
And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
Cry up to me over it all.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

["I know not whether it be worth reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a well arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees,—withy, oak, elm, and ash—and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife comes first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."—*Fuller.*]

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen.
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail.
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he;
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou dids't in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'd venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink, before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch,
But, i' faith! she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

THE DISALLUSIONIZING OF ALEXANDER OLDWORTHY.

CHARLES READE.

[Early in the last century the actress who called herself Mrs. Oldfield reigned supreme in her art in London. One of the many admirers over whom, all unknown to herself, she cast a spell, was a young man who had been sent by his father to the city for the purpose of studying law. The father, upon discovering that his son's infatuation for the actress so completely absorbed his thoughts and time that he devoted none of either to his studies, determined to visit Mrs. Oldfield himself to see what could be done in the matter.]

THE actress was occupied in the study of her rôle in a play to be presented for the first time that evening, when she was startled by a noise, and, looking up from her manuscript, she saw a gruff old man in jack-boots splashed with travel, an immense hat of a fashion long gone by on his head, his dark cheek flushed with anger from his encounter with the resisting footman, stride into the room.

"You are the play-acting woman, aren't you?"

"I am the tragedian, sir, whose time is precious."

"I'll lose no time,—I'm an attorney,—the first in Coventry. I'm Nathan Oldworthy. My son's education has been given under my own eye. He is to be a sergeant-at-law, and a sergeant-at-law he *shall* be."

"I consent for one. I have no opposition to offer to

this pretty little scheme of the Old Something's father and son,—"

"Oldworthys! No opposition! when he hasn't been once to Westminster but every night to the playhouse."

"Oh, I see,—the old story."

"The very day the poor boy came here, there was a tragedy play, and because a woman sighed and burned for sport, the fool goes home and sighs and burns in earnest, can't eat his victuals, flings away his prospects, and thinks of nothing but this actress. You had better say you do not know all this."

"Not I. My good sir, your son has left you to confide to me the secret of his attachment. You have discharged the commission, Sir Pandarus of Troy."

"Nathan Oldworthy, of Coventry, I tell you. And pray, madam, does Alexander Oldworthy never write to you?"

"Never."

"She says 'Never!' and there is his letter open upon her desk. What does the fool say?" and he snatched up the letter and read:

"'My soul hangs trembling on that magic voice,
Grieves with your woe, exults when you rejoice.
A golden chain, I feel but can not see,
Binds earth to heaven,—it ties my heart to thee.'"

"What do you call that?"

"Why, that's honey,—honey dropping from the comb. And these sentiments, these accents of poetry and truth, that here reached my heart, this daily homage that would flatter a queen, do I owe it to your son? Oh, sir!"

"Good gracious! Don't go and fall in love with him, and, now I think on it, that's what I've been working for ever since I came here. I came for my son, and I will have him back, if you please. Where is he?"

"How can I know?"

"But, my good lady, pray tell me when you last saw him?"

"I never saw him at all, which I regret, if he resembles his father."

"But you must have learned from his letters."

"They are not signed. See."

"What an extraordinary thing! Perhaps you are an honest woman after all, ma'am!"

"Sir!"

"I ask your pardon, ma'am, I ask your pardon,—Coventry manners, ma'am, that is all! We do speak so straightforward down in Coventry. But, madam, this love will be my son's ruin: It will rob him of his profession, which he detests, and of a rich heiress, whom he can't abide. Since I came here, I think better of play-actors; but, consider, madam, we don't like our blood to come down in the world!"

"It would be cruel to lower an attorney."

"But his career—his happiness—is in danger."

"Now, why did you not begin with that; it would have saved your time and mine. You want me to prevent your son from loving me. I consent. Tell me how to do it."

"Madam, you have put you finger on the very point! What a lawyer you would have made! Madame, I thank you. Very well, then, you must—but no, that will make him worse, perhaps. And again you can't leave off playing, can you, because that is your business, you know. Dear me! Ah, I'll tell you how to bring it about! Let me see—no—yes—no!"

"Your instructions are not sufficiently clear, sir."

"Well, madam, it is not so easy as I thought, and I don't see what instructions I am to give you until—until—"

"Until I tell you what to tell me. Well, give me a day to think. I am so busy now. I must play my best to-night."

"But he'll be there, you'll play your best, and you'll burn him to a cinder."

"Then I will cure your son to-day."

"You will,—you promise me?"

"On the honor of—a play-actor!"

"Of an angel, I think!"

A few hours later, at the summons of the actress Alexander Oldworthy awaited her in her drawing-room. Alone in reality, he was in a crowd of "thick coming fancies." He was to breathe the same air as she, to be by her side whom the world adored at a distance. Suddenly a rustle in the apartment awakened him from his reverie. He looked up and there was a lady with her eyes fixed on him. The lady had on a dressing-gown ostentatiously large everywhere, especially at the waist. The lady's hair was rough and ill done up, and a great cap of flaunty design surmounted her head. On her feet were old slippers.

"Good day, sir!"

"Madam, I wait Mrs. Oldfield."

"I am the party."

"You, Mrs. Oldfield,—the great Mrs. Oldfield!"

"Why not? What, you come from the country, I suppose, and think we are to be always on the stilts when we are not paid for it. You look as if you were afraid of me."

"O no! and, as you say, it shows how great your talent is."

"You want to speak to me, my lad?"

"Yes, madam. You have divined my ambition. I have been presumptuous—but I saw you in the tragic scene—the admiration you inspired—I fear I have importuned you—but my hope—my irresistible desire—"

"There, I know what you mean, you want an order for the pit?"

"I want an order for the pit?"

"Well, ain't I going to give you one? But mind you must—" clapping her hands to suggest applause.

"O madam, I need no such injunction; each of your achievements on the stage seems to be greater than the last. The others are all puppets played by rule around you, the queen of speech and poetry; your pathos is so true, your sensibility so profound. Yours are real tears. You lead our sorrow in person; you fuse your soul into those great characters, and art becomes nature. You are the thing you seem, and it is plain that each lofty emotion passes through that princely heart on its way to those golden lips!"

"No, thank you, emotions pass through my—what's the name—well, you *are* green. I must enlighten you. Sit down, sit down, I tell you. The tears, my boy, are as real as the rest,—as the sky and that's pasteboard, as the sun and he is three candles smirking upon all waters, which is canvas,—they are as real as ourselves, the tragedy queens with our cries, our sighs and our sobs, all measured out to us by the five-foot rule."

"Impossible! those tears, those dewdrops on the tree of poetry!"

"Now, my good soul, if I was to vex myself night after night for Clytemnestra and Co., don't you see that I could not hold together long? For my part I don't understand half the authors give us to say. D' ye snuff?" offering him her snuff-box.

"No, I thank you."

"There's no doing without it in our business, we get so tired! We get so tired of the whole concern! This is the real source of our inspiration."

Alexander groaned aloud.

"You look pale, my child,—no breakfast, perhaps. I'd offer you some in a minute, but, the fact is, I look to every penny, so when the rainy day comes I shall be ready. I have made some very curious calculations, by comparing my week's salary with the lines in each night's performance. I can tell the exact value of any poetical passage. Listen:

'Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here!'

They are worth just tenpence.

'That my knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold! hold! great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!"'"

"Ah! you are yourself again."

"Yes, I am myself again. Those bring me in two shillings, eight pence, every time."

And this was the being he had adored! He had invested this creature with his own prismatic hues and taken her for a rainbow.

At last he gasped out: "Thank you for undeceiving me. You have taught me your own value, and m-mine. Forgive me, the time I have made you waste upon a dunce."

Slowly and disconsolately he dragged his heavy steps and heart home.

"I am cured," he said to his father, who met him at the door of his apartment. "She has cured me herself."

"Then she *is* an honest woman!" muttered his father.

BEFORE THE TOY SHOP WINDOW.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

[From the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by permission of the publishers.]

I KNOWS it's mighty weak in me to cry
'N' blubber like a baby, sir, but I
Kaint help them tears.
I'm old enough, I s'pose, to put away
Sech childish things; I've known the light o' day
Some sixty years.

It's this way, sir: 'Bout thirty years ago
I had a little baby home named Joe—
Named after me—
For Joe's mamma, afore she came to die,
Ast me to name him that ar way, 'n' I
Just did, you see.

Small Joe—well, he was three weeks old that day,
When she—she—kind o' sighed 'n' passed away.
'N' me 'n' Joe
Was left to help each other on—for me
To keep the little fellow goin'; he
To soothe my woe.

He did it, too, Joe did—he did a heap.
'Twas mighty comfortin' to watch him sleep,
'N' coo, 'n' smile.
I seemed to see her smile when Joe looked glad,
'N' then I kind o' didn't feel so sad
A little while.

'N' then Joe went! I had to go to town,
'N' Joe, while I was gone, crept off—to drown—
Fell in a dam;
'N' down in town I'd bought a little toy
To bring it home, y' know, to give the boy—
A woolly lamb.

'N' when I got back home some feller said,
As kindly as he could, that Joe was dead—
My little Joe.
'N' then we put him by his mamma's side,
'N' with him was that woolly lamb that I'd
Brought home, y' know.

'N' now to-day's the first I've cried since then—
Cried like a baby in the sight o' men—
But 'tain't no whim.
Why, in the winder o' that shop there sat
A little woolly lamb, sir, just like that
I got for him!

'N' for a minute my heart felt glad.
I sorter thought to see the little lad
Still at my side.
'N' then remembrance came—that ne'er again
I'd see him smile 'n' hear his laugh, 'n' then,—
Why, then, I cried!

AUNT DEBORAH HEARS "THE MESSIAH."

YOU see I'm down to York,—Caleb an' me—a-spendin' of the hollydays, an' 'Lias an' Sary allus make it a p'int to hear the orrytoreo of "The Messiah" ev'ry Christmas. They look forrud to it from year to year. "'Twouldn't be Christmas without it," sez they, an' as we wuz on hand this time they insisted on our a-goin' with 'em. Sary told me to sorter prepare my mind, that it begins away back in the days of Isaiah, when he proffeside about the comin' of the blessed Saviour, and then skips over to his birth an' life an' death an' risin' ag'in an' his return to heven. An' she sez:

"Remember, mar, the music describes it all, so that if there wasn't any words except the title, you'd almost know what it wuz all about," an' then she played bits on the pianny to show us; so I got quite an idee.

"You'll see the new music hall," sez 'Lias.

Wal, he went down there about half-past seven, an' there wuz a reel perlite young man (probably a friend of 'Lias's—'Lias allus did make lots of friends) a-standin' waiting for us at the top of the stairs: An', would you believe it, that clever young feller had saved four of the best seats in the house for us, an' turned 'em up, so nobody else shouldn't git 'em. I wanted to thank him for his kindness, for I thought that 'Lias took it pretty cool. It wuz a dazzlin' sort of place, all white an' gold, an' hundreds of lites burnin' an' there wuz gal'ries, one

above another, higher than you'd want to look, an' hundreds an' thousands of people a-comin' in. There wuz a platform bigger'n the town-hall to hum, an' lots of girls an' wimmin in white dresses jest like brides sot up there, an' ever so many men, too. They made up the choir.

I kep' a-hearin' the squeak of the fiddles out of site, an' I asked Sary if she wuz quite sure we'd come to a religious performance, an' she bit her lips an' nodded. Pretty soon there wuz a crowd of men came in with ev'ry sort of instrewment that's made, it seemed to me. I see fiddles an' floots an' base vials an' trumpets an' a drum as big as a wood-shed. Then the leadin' singers —two wimmin an' two men—come in an' sot down in front of all the rest, an' a slender young man (I thought it wuz the same one what saved the seats for us, but Sary said no), stepped upon a little platform with his back toward the congregation, an' raised up a stick an' the whole house grew as still as death. Then the music begun.

You could hear it wuz years an' years before Jesus came, twuz so sad, so full of pain an' tears an' darkness, with a longin' in it that wuz almost a hope. To my mind, it wuz like the long nights when I watched, hour after hour, by my Caroline when she wuz down so low with the fever, an' both the doctors hed gin her up but I couldn't. There wuz a moment of entire silence, an' then a few delikit notes like a faint streak of dawn in the east, an' then one little bird woke up an' another an' another, until all abroad there wuz a-rustlin' an' a-chirpin' an' a soft singin' in a thousand nests. But it wuzn't quite mornin' yet, an' while it wuz still all gray an' misty in the valley, an' jest a glimmer of rose-color on the tops of the hills, a voice wuz heard, strong but quiet bekuz it wuz so sure of everything bein' all right.

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith the Lord."

There wuz several of them proffesies, an' I can never read 'em ag'in without hearin' of them instrewments,

Sometimes the music seemed to dance for joy, like David before the ark of the Lord, an' ag'in it wuz slow an' solum, specially where that line comes in—"The mouth of the Lord has spoken it"— when it went *boom-boom-boom*, in a way to take away your very breath.

There wuz a wonderful place, where it sez: "He shall be like a refiner's fire." Did you ever think it wuz possible for music to be like fire? I don't know how they did it, but the fine, thin, tremblin' notes, not very loud but quick as lightnin', made me feel as if I should be a-blazin' the next minit.

I can't pass by the part "Unto us a child is born." The trebles all sang "Unto us," soft an' sweet, as if they wuz whisperin' suthin' too good to be true, an' the tenners an' counters an' basses all took turns in tellin'of it over an' over, in the same hushed way. But when they came to "His name shall be called—Wonderful!" there was a bu'st of glory on that one word, with all the instrewments boomin' an' thrillin', an' most beside themselves with the joy of it, that I grabbed a-holt of Caleb for fear he'd shout "Praise the Lord!" just as he does in revival times.

Wal, we come down to the very night Christ was born. Part of that wuz music, without no singin'. There wuz a few shepherds sittin' out under the stars a-playin' the softest, prettiest little tune you ever heard. You could just see them, in your mind's eye, in the dusk, an' the sheep an' lambs all lyin' fast asleep. An' would you believe it, all them thousands of list'nin' people wuz as quiet as one little sleepin' child. Then there wuz a rustlin' an' a flutterin' of wings, an' the angels were fillin' all the air with light an' music.

The two wimmin on the front of the platform divided up one piece between them. One had a treble voice an' the other a counter. The counter sang, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd," an' you could see Him leadin' the sheep through green pastures an' carryin' the lambs; an' then the treble sang the same tune a little higher

an' changed the words to "Come unto Him an' He will give you rest," an' it jest seemed as if you sank away down, down on the everlastin' arms, an' couldn't be tired ag'in for ever an' ever.

When it come to the sorrows of the dear Saviour, there wuz tears a-runnin' down people's faces. "He wuz despised an' rejected." Oh, I never felt before how awful it wuz, nor how alone He wuz! There is one low-down note that is jest as if His heart wuz breakin'. Sary sez it wuzzent a note, but a chord, or rather a discord. Anyway, it hed the story of Jesus into it, the patient, lovin' way in which He went about doin' good, the homelessness an' hunger an' poverty He went through with, the kiss an' the scourge an' the cross an' what wuz more than all the black load of sins—my sins—that weighed on Him an' crushed Him. I never heerd sech a sermon on the sufferin' of Jesus Christ as that music preached; I can hear it now.

By an' by Jesus come out of the grave, an' all heven is rejoicin'. They call that part the "Halleluyer Chorus," an' evrybody stands up. It made me think of the Judgment day, to see the faces, rows upon rows of 'em. There wuz one halleluyer after another. It wuz airth an' heven answerin' back an' forth, saints an' angels gathered together, an' we with 'em. We were goin' up a broad, gold staircase, for they sang over an' over "King of kings an' Lord of lords," an' ev'ry time on a higher note, higher an' higher still, till my poor soul could hardly bear to stay into the body, an' I held onto the back of the seat in front of me to keep from risin' right up into the air.

There wuz more after that, but my cup wuz runnin' over, an' I didn't take in the rest. It seemed to me I'd been into heven a thousand years, an' the trumpet of the angel didn't consarn me. I've made poor work a-trying' to tell you how it all sounded, but you must hear it for yourself. I fully expect it will be sung in the next

world, an' I shall hev a part into it there, an' sing as high an' sweet as any of 'em.

THE SPELLING-MATCH AT GRANDE POINTE.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

[By permission of the author and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.]

[The scene of the story is laid in a Creole settlement in Louisiana. As a young man, Bonaventure has seen and learned a little of the great world. Upon returning to the neighborhood where his childhood had been spent, he opened a school in which he taught his pupils to read and write and spell in English. To this task he brought all the energy of a generous, whole-souled nature, combined with the impulsiveness of his French ancestry. His patrons, however, become suspicious and distrustful of having their children learn so much of a language that is unintelligible to them and threaten to close the school. Bonaventure pleads that he be allowed to continue in his undertaking, and finally succeeds in making an agreement whereby a public examination is to be held. If, at this examination, any pupil fails to answer a single question correctly, the school is to be abandoned. The committee-men, being unable to detect errors themselves, prevail upon an adventurer, whom they met in a neighboring town, to attend the examination and to denounce the teacher and his teaching. On the day appointed for the crucial test the stranger, the committee-men and a crowd of interested spectators are on hand promptly.]

THERE was just room on the teacher's little platform for Bonaventure to seat his visitor a little at one side and stand behind the desk. The fateful moment had come. The master stood nervously drawn up, bell in hand. With a quick, short motion he gave it one tap and set it down.

"That, sir, is to designate attention!"

He waved a triumphant hand toward the spectacle before him.

"Perfect!" murmured the stranger.

A look of earnest ecstasy broke out upon the master's face.

"Chil'run, *chil'run*, he p'onounce you perfect!"

He turned again upon the visitor, threw high his right hand, flirted it violently, and cried:

"At random! exclusively at random, state what class! At random!"

"I—I doubt if I under—"

"Name any class, exclusively at random, and you shall see with what promptness and quietude the chil'run shall take each one their exactly co'ect places."

"Oh, I understand. You want me to designate—"

"Any class! at yo' caprice."

"Well, if you have—third class in geography."

"Or spelling?" cried Bonaventure, a momentary look of dismay giving place to fresh enthusiasm.

"Yes—spell—I meant spelling."

"Third spelling!"

The tongue of the bell fell with emphasis, and as silently as sleep the tiniest seven in the school, four pairs of pantaloons, three of pantalettes, with seven of little bare feet at their borders and seven of hands pointed down stiffly at their sides, came out and stood a-row. The master turned to the visitor.

"Now, commencing wherever—even at the foot if desired!—ask, sir, if you please, any English word of one syllable, of however difficult."

"No matter how difficult?"

"Well, they are timid, as you see; advance by degrees."

"Very well, then," said the visitor, with much kindness of tone; "I will ask the little boy at this end—"

"At the foot—but—still, 'tis well. Only—ah, Crébiche, everything depend! Be prepared, Crébiche!"

"Yes," said the stranger; "I will ask him to spell 'hoss.'"

The child drew himself up rigidly, pointed his stiffened fingers down his thighs, rounded his pretty red mouth, and said slowly, in a low, melodious, distinct voice:

"*O-double eth*,' awth.'"

Bonaventure leapt from the platform and ran to the child.

"*Ah! mon p'tit garçon*—ah! my li'l' boy! *O-double eth.* Listen, my chile. O sir, he did not hear the word precisely. Listen, my chile, to yo' teacher! remember that his honor and the school's honor is in yo' spelling!"

He drew back a step, poised himself, and gave the word. It came like an anchor-chain crashing through a hawse-hole.

"*Or-r-r-r-rus-seh!*" and the child, winking at vacancy in the intensity of his attention, spelled:

"*Haich-o-r-eth-e*, 'Orthe.'"

"Another! another word! another to the same!"

"'Mouse,'" said the stranger, and Bonaventure turned and cried:

"'Mah-ooseh,' my nob'e li'l' boy! 'Mah-ooseh,'" and Crébiche, a speaking statue, spelled:

"*M-o-u-eth-e*, 'mouthe.'"

"Co'ect, my chile! And yet, sir, and yet, 'tis he that they call Crébiche, because like the crawfish, advancing backwardly. But to the next! Another word! another word!"

The spelling, its excitements, its moments of agonizing suspense, and its triumphs went on. The second class is up. It spells in two, even in three, syllables.

"Sir, let us not exhoss the time with spelling! You shall now hear them read."

"The bell taps, the class retires; again, and the reading class is up. They are the larger girls and boys. But before they begin, the master has a word for their fathers and mothers.

"Friends and fellow-citizens of Gran' 'Point': Think not at the supp'izing goodness of yo' chil'run reading. 'Tis to this branch has been given the largest attention and most as-*sidu*'ty, so thus to comprise puffection in the English tongue, whether speaking aw otherwise."

He turned to the stranger beside him.

"I am not satisfied whilst the slightest accent of French is remaining. But you shall judge if they read not as if in their own vernaculary. And you shall choose the piece!"

The visitor waived the privilege, but Bonaventure gently insisted, and he selected Jane Taylor's little poem, "The Violet," glancing across at Sidonie as he himself read out the first two lines:

"Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew."

Bonaventure proclaimed the title and the page and said:

"Claude, p'oceed!" and Claude read:

"Dthee vy-ee-lit.

"'Dah-oon-a hin hay grin and-a shad-y bade
A mo-dest-a vy-ee-lit grŏo
Hits-a stallk whoz baint hit hawngg-a hits hade
Has hif-a too hah-ed-a frawm ve-ŏo.'"

"Sir, will you give yourself the pain to tell—not for my sake or reputation, but to the encouragement of the chil'run, and devoid flattery—what is yo' opinion of that specimen of reading? Not t'oubling you, but, in two or three word' only—if you will give yo'self the pain——"

"Why, certainly; I think it is—I can hardly find words—it's remarkable."

Bonaventure started with joy.

"Chil'run, do you hear? Remawkable! But do you not detect no slight—no small faultiness of p'onounciating?"

"No, not the slightest; I smile, but I was thinking of something else."

The visitor's eye, wandering a trifle, caught Chat-oué, the most hostile of the committee-men, giving him one

black look that removed his disposition to smile, yet he insisted:

"No, sir, I can truthfully say I never heard such a pronunciation."

"Sir, 'tis toil have p'oduce it! Toil of the teacher, in*dus*try of the chil'run! But it has produce' *beside!* Sir, look—that school! Since one year commencing the *A*, *B*, *C*,—and now spelling word' of eight syllabl'!"

"Not *this* school?"

"Sir, you shall see—or, more p'operly, hear. First spelling!"

"Yes," said the stranger, seeing Sidonie rise, "I'd like to hear that class;" and felt Chat-oué looking at him again.

The bell tapped, and they came forth to battle. Bonaventure waited an instant while two or three mothers bore out great armfuls of slumbering or fretting infancy and a number of young men sank into the vacated chairs. Then he stepped from the platform, drew back four or five yards from the class, opened the spelling-book, scanned the first word, closed the book with his finger at the place, lifted it high above his head, and cried:

"Claude! Claude, my brave scholar, always perfect, ah you ready?"

He gave the little book a half whirl round, and dashed forward toward the chosen scholar, crying as he came:

"'In-e-rad-i-ca-bility!'"

Claude's face suddenly set in a stony vacancy, and with his eyes staring straight before him, he responded:

"*I-n, in, -e, inerad, r-a-d, rad, inerad, ineraddy-, ineradica, c-a, ca, ineradica-, ineradicabili, b-i-elly-billy, ineradicabili, ineradicabili-, t-y, ty, ineradicability.*"

"Right! Claude, my boy! my always good scholar, right! Sidonie! Ah! Sidonie, be ready, prepared! fail not yo' humble school-teacher! In-com—"

He looked at the word a third time, and then swept down upon her:

"'In-com-pre-hen-si-ca-*bility*!'"

Sidonie flinched not nor looked upon him, as he hung

over her with the spelling-book at arm's-reach above them; yet the pause that followed seemed to speak dismay, and throughout the class there was a silent recoil from something undiscovered by the master. But an instant later Sidonie had chosen between the two horns of her agonizing dilemma, and began:

"*I-n een, c-o-m, cawm, eencawm, eencawmpre, p-r-e, pre, eencawmpre, eencawmprehen, prehen, haich-e-n, hen, hen, eencawmprehensi, s-i, si eencawmprehensi-, b-i-l—*"

"Ah! Sidonie! Stop! *Arretez!* Si-do-nie-e-e-e! Oh! listen—*écoutez*—Sidonie, my dear!"

The master threw his arms up and down in distraction, then suddenly faced his visitor.

"Sir, it was my blame! I spoke the word without adequate distinction! Sidonie—*maintenant*—now! 'In-compre-hen-si-ca-bil-i-ty!'" and Sidonie, blushing like fire, returned to her task:

"*I-n, een—*"

She bit her lip and trembled.

"Right! *Right!* Tremble not, my Sidonie, fear naught! Yo' loving school-teacher is at thy side!"

But she trembled like a red leaf as she spelled on:

"*Haich-e-n, hen, eencawmprehen, eencawmprehensi, s-i, si, eencawmprehensi-, eencawmprehensi-billy-t-y, ty, incomprehensibility!*"

The master dropped his hands and lifted his eyes in speechless despair. As they fell upon Sidonie, her own met them. She moaned, covered her face in her hands, burst into tears, ran to her desk and threw her hands and face upon it, shaking with noiseless sobs and burning red to the nape of her perfect neck. All Grande Pointe rose to its feet.

"Lost!" cried Bonaventure, in a heart-broken voice. "Everything lost! Farewell, chil'run!"

He opened his arms toward them and with one dash all the lesser ones filled them. They wept. Tears welled from Bonaventure's eyes; and the mothers of Grande Pointe dropped again into their seats and silently added theirs. One of the committee-men waved to the stranger to speak.

"My friends," said the visitor, rising with alacrity, "I say when a man makes a bargain, he ought to stick to it!"

He paused for them—as many as could—to take in the meaning of his English speech, and, it may be, expecting some demonstration of approval; but dead silence reigned, all eyes on him save Bonaventure's and Sidonie's. He began again:

"There was a plain bargain made. There was to be an examination; the school was not to know; but if one scholar should make one mistake, the schoolhouse was to be closed and the schoolmaster sent away. I say the mistakes have been made. *Three* mistakes have been made!"

"Yass!" roared Chat-oué, leaping to his feet and turning upon the assemblage a face fierce with triumph.

"The first mistake," resumed the stranger, "the first mistake was in the kind of bargain you made."

He ceased, and passed his eyes around from one to another of the excited men until they rested an instant on the bewildered countenance of Chat-oué. Then he turned again upon the people, who had sat down, and began to speak with the exultation of a man that feels his subject lifting him above himself.

"I came out here to-day to show up that man as a fraud. But what do I find? A poor, unpaid, half-starved man that loves his thankless work better than his life, teaching what not one schoolmaster in a thousand can teach; teaching his whole school four better things than were ever printed in any school-book,—how to study, how to think, how to value knowledge, and to love one another and mankind. What you'd ought to have done was to agree that such a school should keep open, and such a teacher should stay, if just one, one lone child, should learn to answer one single book-question right! But as I said before, a bargain's a bargain—Hold on there! Sit down! You sha'n't interrupt me again!"

Men were standing up on every side. There was confusion and a loud buzz of voices.

"The second mistake," the stranger made haste to cry, "was thinking the teacher gave out that last word right. He gave it out wrong! And the third mistake," he shouted, against the rising commotion, "was thinking it was spelt wrong. *She spelt it right!* A bargain's a bargain, and the schoolmaster stays!"

AN EMBER PICTURE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[By permission of and special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., publishers.]

HOW strange are the freaks of memory!
The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of color,
In the wonderful web is set,—

Set by some mordant of fancy
And, spite of the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together;
Our talk was of matters-of-course;
We were nothing, one to the other,
But a short half-hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors,
And their easy, natural ways;
Of the weather, for it was raining
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
We bore ourselve so to discuss;
The thunderous rumors of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her,
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,
The candle she held in the door
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no more;—

Flashed fainter, then wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood;
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me
Like a scrap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so;
You may find a thousand as fair,
And yet there's her face in my memory
With no special claim to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long-buried (good rest to their souls!),

Her face shines out in the embers:
I see her holding the light
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam,
'Tis a gracious possession forever,
For is it not all a dream?

THE PROVIDER.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

[From "Lovers' Saint Ruth's and Other Tales," by permission of the author and Messrs. Copeland & Day, publishers.]

["The Provider" is based very literally upon a tragic event that happened some years ago in Dublin, and which, figuring as a cable dispatch of some ten lines in a Boston daily newspaper, fell under my eye, to be remembered and afterward cast into its present form.—L.I.G.]

THREE barefoot children were threading the slopes of Howth toward Raheny.

Norah cried out: "'Tis so pretty to-day."

"'Tis so pretty!" echoed little Winny with enthusiasm.

But the boy looked abroad without a smile.

"'T'd be prettier when things is right," he answered, severely.

Hughey was nearly twelve. He could remember times in the County Wexford, before his father died; times when life had a very different outlook; and when his peasant mother, with short skirts and sleeves rolled up, would go gaily between her stone-flagged kitchen and the well, singing, singing, like a lark. They had to leave that pleasant farm, and the thatched roof, and move up to the cloudier Dublin, to a stifling garret over a beer-shop; and it was a miserable change. Since then there had been the problem of schooling, feeding and clothing Hughey, Nora, and Winny. Then Rose, three years old, fell into a lime-kiln, and was associated with the enforced luxury of a second funeral; and Dan, the baby, was sickly and therefore costly, too; and now the rent had to be paid and the morrow thought of, on just nothing a week! All of which Hugh, with his acumen and quick sympathy, had found out.

He worshipped his mother, in his shy, abstinent Irish way,—his heart was bursting for her sake.

That April night, when the girls were in bed, Hughey went over to the low chair in their one room, where his mother was crooning Dan to sleep. It shocked him to see how thin she was.

"Mother! 'tis not goin' to school any more I'll be. I'll worruk for ye, mother; I'll be your man. I can do it."

"God love ye, Hughey darlin'! What can a little boy do?"

But she slept a happier woman for her knight's vow.

When Hughey came home the next night, he brought milk with him, earned by holding a gentleman's horse, and there was a feast. Hughey's vocation had not yet declared itself. He haunted Stephen's Green in vain. The next day's, the next month's, history was no more heroic. The stout shopkeepers were sated with the spectacle of the unable and willing. But finally, one evening, he charged across the crowded bridge, and down the line of quays east of it, straight into a fat, gray-headed, leather-aproned person directing a group of sailors unloading a boat.

This person, sent of Heaven, with miraculous suddenness and with musical distinctness, exclaimed: "'Aven't I been a-wishin' of 'im, and directly 'e runs into me harms. Crawl into that barrel, sonny, and if you 'old it steady, I'll 'eave you tuppence."

Hughey crawled in. When he came out, Mr. J. Everard Hoggett looked him over. "I likes a boy wot's 'andy, and 'as little to sy, like you. 'E don't appear to be from any of 'Er Marjesty's carstles, 'e don't. Perhaps 'e might like to 'ang about 'ere and earn three bob a week?"

Hughey hugged his twopenny piece and replied in gulps: "O sir! Yes, sir;" whereby his annals began.

Mr. Hoggett, going home, took him into a little eating house, sat him down, paid for a huge order, and departed.

"There's a couple o' lion cubs hinside wot ought to

be your westcot, needs 'am and heggs. Fill 'em full; and mind you come to-morrow at a quarter to 'ight. I'll 'ave no lyzy lubbers alongside o' me."

Hughey, half-dazed, sat at a table alone, sniffling celestial fragrances from the rear. While he waited, he took up a torn journal, which was lying on the nearest chair. On the advertisement page, one especial paragraph, in sensational print, rooted his attention. This was it:

"*Servants and apprentices, attention!* Here is the best Chance of your lives. It will Never come again. Trade with us, and you lay the *Foundation* of your *Fortune!* With every sixpenny worth of goods bought of us on any Saturday night, we give a *Coupon* on the Ninth anti-Sassenach Bank of Belfast. Fifty of these entitle the Bearer at the end of the year to a gift of *Ten Pounds in Gold!!* Honesty the best Policy our motto. Best Material at *Lowest* Prices; come and see. Do not neglect your own *Good.* McClutch & Gullim, Linen-drapers, No. 19—— ———St."

Hughey, the innocent prospective capitalist, took a stubby pencil from the only sound pocket in his habiliments, and began to figure on the margin of the paper; for he had an inspiration: "Mother would be thunderin' rich!" Before he had done with his emergency arithmetic, ham and eggs, with all their shining train, were set before him. With them, he gallantly swallowed his conscience; for Hughey, like a nobler Roman before him, was resolving to be gloriously false, and, for piety's sake, to trade his soul. He foresaw vaguely that be would not be allowed, out of his royal wages of three shillings, to spend half every Saturday night, at McClutch & Gullim's; yet to do it was the imperative thing. The angels had given his mother into his hands; and he knew at last what was to be done for her. Proper manœuvring now would fetch twenty-five pounds sterling next summer. But he would hide away what he bought, and never tell until the beatific

hour when his mother should have the money, the linen, and the truth about them, all together!

Hughey went home in a series of hops and whirls. Mrs. O'Kinsella was lying down, with an ache between her lungs and her spine, after a long day's lifting and scrubbing. She felt the good news before the child spoke.

"O mother! 'tis the most illigant thing's happened; ye never heard the like."

"Where is ut, and what d'ye get, dear?"

Then Hughey screwed up his courage, and told his only, his masterly lie.

"North Wall, mother; and a shillin' and six every week."

"A shillin' and six!" shrieked Nora. "O Hughey!"

But the critic for whose opinion he cared was not quite so enraptured. She smiled and praised him, but took it too tamely, her son thought. However, he reflected that she little knew the felicities in store.

In the morning, his career began, and it maintained itself with vigor, inasmuch as by the autumn he was of real value to his employers. He had many duties and some trusts. He had been faithful; he had made no grave mistakes yet, nor had he been unpunctual. But every Saturday of his life saw him posing as a purchaser at 19—— ———Street, where a hard-featured old woman, supposed mother of the supposed junior partner, served him always with the same ironically deferent, "Good day, sir; and what can I show you?"

His mother broke down and could toil no longer. It occurred often to Hughey and with increasing force, that to secure a future good, he was doing a very vicious wrong; that it would be far better for his mother to have the money, to provide comforts and make her well, than for her to do without it now, and be too feeble in consequence to enjoy it, when it should come all in a lump.

"What ought I to be doin'?" he would groan aloud,

when he was alone. If he confessed to his mother, and handed over hereafter the total of his wages, there was an end to the big income sprouting and budding wondrously at Belfast. But if he should not confess, and, meanwhile, if she should not recover,—what would all the world's wealth be then to poor Hughey?

October was damp and dispiriting. Mrs. O'Kinsella coughed more and more. The doctor was called in for the first time, one rainy noon. He told Mrs. Drogan, a housemate, laconically, that his patient was going to die.

"Say nothing to those children of hers; there is no immediate need of it, and the eldest looks melancholy enough without it,"

But the eldest was at his elbow.

"What would save me mother? Wouldn't money do it, *money?*"

"Perhaps! That is a winter in France or Italy might delay the end. But dear me! how on earth——"

On the way back to the office, Hughey stalked into McClutch & Gullim's. Would the Ninth Anti-Sassenach Bank of Belfast advance half of an annual interest? that is, would they allow him—Hugh O'Kinsella of Dublin—what was due on his receipts of purchases up to date? The old woman had recently had other queries of that nature, which proved that the victims were getting restless. Her sourness vented itself promptly on Hughey. Decidedly the Ninth Anti-Sassenach Bank would do nothing of the sort; it was against the rules; it never advanced cash except in case of death, when coupons from McClutch & Gullim's would hold good for a life-insurance policy to the corpse's relatives.

"And now g'long to the divil wid ye, ye limb!" she concluded.

Hughey fairly reeled out to the pavement. Then with much introspection and heartsearching and resolve, his tragedy gathered itself together. On Sunday, after

church, as he wished to deal with Nora, he offered to take her for a walk in the country.

They set forth on foot, up-hill.

"Nora, there's somethin' I do be bound to say to ye. Can ye keep a secret?"

"Sure, I can."

"'Tis turrible."

"Niver ye mind, I'll keep ut."

"Mother is like to be dyin' soon. But she could live a hundred year if ut wasn't so cruel poor we are. I've been thinkin' wan reason of ut is she has too many childer. 'Tis good little Rosy is with the saints. Ye'd all be as proud as paycocks o' me when spring comes; only mother would be under the ground. Now's the time for her to be cured, and the time for me to behave the usefullest to her is to-morrow, just after I'm dead. The rest I can't tell, beca'se ye're a woman, and wouldn't undherstand; but there's pounds and pince in ut, and 'tis a foine thing intirely for mother. Ye'll be constant and kind to her, now? Ye'll be runnin' and bringin' her a chair, and takin' the beef out o' your mouth for her as long as ye live? (Sure I forgot there's goin' to be tons o' beef for yez all.) Promus me, Nora."

"Oh, I do, Brother Hughey, I do!"

"Ye're what mother needs, and so's Dan. But I'd be better away, and so'd Winny, for the sake o' leavin' plenty to eat. Ye'll give me Winny in her little coat, when I ax ye to-night, will ye, Nora?"

Hughey sat up late that night, with his pencil. These were the three letters which he wrote.

"*Mr. Everard Hoggett, Limited,*

"*Dear Sir:* Thank you for being kind to me. I was fond of you. I hope you won't be out of a boy long. There do be a very honest boy named Mickey McGooley goes to my school I used to go to. He has a iron foot,

but he is good-looking in the rest of him. I think he would come if you asked him.

"Your respeckful friend,

"HUGH."

"*Ninth Anti-Sassenach Bank, Belfast, Ireland.*

"*Sir:* My mother she is named Mrs. O'Kinsella, will send you the papers from McClutch and Gullim. As I will be dead you will please pay my money to her. I let you know now so that it will be all right. It began last May 28th, and stops Saturday October 21st. Yours truly, hoping you will send it soon.

"Yours,

"H. O'KINSELLA."

"*Dear Mother:*

"You must cheer up and not cough. You can go to France or somewhere. You will find a heap of lengths of linen stuff in a box under the steps of old Tom's shop. He doesn't know about it. It is mine and the nicest they is, and if you don't be wanting it, you can sell it. Then you look in the lining of Danny's cap, and find some bank papers, and you send them to the Ninth Anti-Sassenach Bank in Belfast and it will send you nigh twelve pound gold. You will find Winny and me by Richmond Bridge, and it will not be so expensive without us. I hope you won't be low for me, for Nora says she will be good. Dear mother, I didn't know any other way to make you happy and well at this present. Goodbye from your loving son,

"HUGH O'KINSELLA."

When the great bell outside struck two, he crept across the room.

"Is she ready, Nora?"

"She is, Hughey."

He stooped to the floor, and gathered the drowsy body

in his arms. On the landing, one floor below, the little sister cried aloud.

"No, no, no, no!" he crooned, in a passion of apprehension; "Brother will show Winny the bright moon."

They came safely to the street. When Nora had buttoned Winny's coat, they took her by either hand and started. But Winny hung back and rebelled.

"Let me go, let me—go! Hughey! Oh——"

Never once in all his mistaken planning, had Hughey paused to consider that she had a voice in the matter. If she were unwilling to die for his dearest, what right had he to compel her? She was only seven, and silly!

They reached Richmond Bridge; then he spoke to Winny.

"Now 'tis the end o' your walk, and ye'll trot home wid Nora, and niver mind me at all, dear." Then to Nora: "Take care o' mother mavourneen."

"I will, Hughey."

He watched them go, without further sign. When the two childish figures were swallowed by the shadows, he knelt down in prayer for a moment, and with his eyes still closed, dropped forward. He sank; and the dark ebb-tide took him.

Two of Hughey's letters had to go undelivered: One belonging to a corporation that never existed, and one to a heartbroken women who set sail for the Isles of Healing, before the dawn.

TOO OLD FOR FATHER'S KISSES.

CHARLES D. BINGHAM.

[By permission of the author.]

THERE'S a time in happy boyhood,
Though 'tis vanished from his sight,
And he never saw it going,
Or was conscious of its flight.

Like a wraith it flitted from him,
  And 'tis now a long-past joy,—
'Tis the time he loved the kisses
  That a father gives his boy!

He ne'er knew what came between him
  And the kiss he loved so well,—
Though he asks his heart the question:
  "Who was first to break the spell?"
Was it bashfulness of boyhood?
  Had that mystic age began,
When he was a boy no longer,
  Yet too young to be a man?

Was it when his pants were lengthened,
  Till they reached down to his shoes?
Was it when he first reflected
  That a razor he might use?
Was it when his eyes went straying
  To the pretty cheeks of girls,
And were lost in witching glances
  And the chances of glossy curls?

Was it just because his father
  Thought a word or nod would do?
Was it just because his mother
  Thought his kisses were too few?
'Tis a riddle most perplexing,
  And he vainly shakes his head—
When he turned his lips from father,
  And just took his hand instead!

A QUEER WORD.

BY the time baby was ten months old she had learned many things. She could say "Kitty" to the little, soft, furry ball of a cat, and "'tove" and "burn"—for once she had put her hand against the hot stove, and she never forgot the pain of the big blister that came on the delicate flesh—and she knew the moon and the stars and the trees.

About this time she heard a long, queer word, many, many times a day. The word was "mussentouchit."

Baby wondered who Mussentouchit could be. The strange thing lived in the bureau drawers. Baby knew that, for the moment she put her little, busy hands into mamma's drawer, somebody would say: "Mussentouchit."

It lived in the sewing-machine; for the moment baby set the wheel going, "Mussentouchit" was screamed in her ear.

It lived in the tall jar that stood on the little round table. Everybody in the room shrieked "Mussentouchit," when baby put up her hand to touch the jar.

In the corner of the parlor there was a glass globe half filled with water. In the globe lived three little goldfishes. Baby was very fond of climbing into a chair to see the tiny goldfishes dart across their pretty lake. But whenever she put her little fingers into the globe to touch one of the pretty creatures, somebody screamed "Mussentouchit."

This went on till baby was two years old. There was no word she heard so often as the long, queer word, "Mussentouchit."

Mussentouchit was everywhere—in the shining books on the parlor table, in the flower beds, among the roses. Even in mamma's work-basket the strange thing lived; and if baby but took up a reel of silk or cotton, there was Mussentouchit.

One day baby found herself by the glass globe all alone. The family were very busy, and for a few minutes forgot the little prying, restless darling. This was her chance. Up went the chubby legs into a chair that stood near the goldfish globe. Poised on the rounding cushion, baby reached far over to touch the goldfish. In reaching, she lost her balance and fell, dragging the globe to the floor. There was a crash, a scream, a rush, and mamma was on the spot. Baby was picked up, kissed and scolded.

"I dess I tilled ole Mussentouchit 'is time!" she said, shaking herself and walking off.

THE CRICKET.

HENRY B. WATTERSON.

WHERE the wild rose dangles
O'er the half-hid brook;
Where the fisher angles,
And the white perch wrangles
And tangles
In the coil about the hook;
As the twilight closes,
And the basky roses
Blossom sweeter round the nook;
And the moonlight, dreaming moonlight,
Points the tardy rising June night—
Comes the spider from his web,
Hums the bee into his hive,
Flows the hawk across the sky,
Glows the firefly in the grass,
Hies the swallow home to roof,
Sighs the gray frog in the marsh,
Creeps the brook rat from his lurk
And the nook bat from her den—

Oh, there tinkles, tinkles, tinkles!
Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!
Our jolly unseen visitor,
In the thicket
By the wicket—
Cricket! Cricket! Cricket!
Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!

When the noisy kettle
Sings, like a humming bug,
And the kittens settle
Close in the hearthhold rug—
When the faggots sparkle,
And the corners darkle,
And the wainscot panels
(Full of mice and annals)
Do begin a-cricking,
Like the clock a-ticking,
And the low of cattle
And the tattling rattle
Of the pane—and prattle
Of the little ones in cosy corners close by the chimney lug—
Come a thousand unheard voices,
With these mellow snow-sent noises,
Mingling with our Christmas fancies,
As we dream of old romances,
In the days of sighs and dances,
Ere we were thus one and snug—
But above them each and all
Thrills that fireside Christmas call,
For from chimney, hearth and wall,
Sings the cricket, cricket, cricket.
Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!
As by wicket,
Under thicket,
Cricket! Cricket! Cricket!
Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!

HOW NORMAN WON THE RACE.

J. M. WHITSON.

THE impulse came upon me, one Saturday afternoon, to go up to Garfield Park and witness a bicycle race. Perhaps I thought I might some lesson learn, perhaps I might some homely moral turn. It was a race of giants; there were no big handicap men there. They started almost on the scratch. It was a ten-mile race, twenty laps to the race. The expression on the faces of the racers said very plainly, that they realized that, in the parlance of the track, it was no walk away. I heard the quick command of the starter to assemble; I heard the quick incisive cry, "Go!" I heard the murmur of the crowd, "They're off!" I saw them scatter themselves along the first lap like a great, many-colored centipede. Their relative positions remained unchanged for the first five or six rounds, then they began to come closer together until at the end of the seventeenth round they were practically solid. It seemed impossible for them to get one inch closer together. They were one mass of men and wheels, of whirring chains, of whirling wheels. I heard the deep-mouthed defy that they hurled at one another with an oath between; I saw the furtive glances that they cast at each other. Every man seemed to be pacing his fellow; struggle as they might, not one of them seemed to gain on the rest. I asked myself, "Is no one going to win the race? Are they going to keep on going round and round and all pass over the scratch together?"

As if in answer to my question, there rushed out from among the crowd of spectators a tiny revelation in dimity—a little girl—and, climbing upon a pile of bicycles left by spectators by the side of the road, she shouted out to someone among the crowd of racers:

"Go it, Norman, you can beat 'em all!"

I saw a look light up the face of one of the racers; I saw a pair of strong hands grasp more firmly the handle-bars; I saw a stalwart frame almost lie down on that steed of steel; I saw a pair of stalwart legs move a little faster; and Norman—I knew it was he by the smile that lit up that childish face—dashed out twenty feet ahead.

I saw the man with a lemon in his mouth; I saw the man with the wet cloth on his head. I saw the man on the high gear move that great gear until it seemed to lift that wheel from off the ground; I saw the man on the Old Hickory with the muscles of those great legs of his lash that wheel until it quivered; but there was no one there to tell them that they could "beat 'em all," and they fell back and melted away into that mass of men and wheels. Then, moved by one common impulse, that great mass hurled itself forward *en masse* as though they would catch and crush the flying Norman.

He heard them at his heels. It was the echo of defeat for him. Again he almost laid down on that wheel and put fifteen feet more to the good; then he fled before them like some great wraith of the air, and they like a dark shadow after him. They were on the last lap; they were coming almost straight toward me; they were now on the last half of the last lap. I saw the tense look on the face of the little one. I realized what that race meant to her, and, bending out toward the track, I shouted down to him so that it might meet him on the home-stretch:

"Win the race, Norman; for the child's sake win the race!"

Then in a moment, in his trunks of yellow and black, like a great oriole, he sped on the home-stretch, and the cry of encouragement became a prophecy, and Norman beat them all.

I saw him slow up, as he went down the track; I saw him dismount with that ineffable grace, as only the real

bicyclist dismounts; I saw him lay his hand caressingly upon his wheel, as I imagine Sheridan laid his hand upon the panting side of that steed that bore him twenty miles away. I saw the little one approach him; I heard him say, "Hello, Nell!" Then I knew her name was Nell.

He ran his fingers through his hair. They trembled a little and so did his voice. I am no mind-reader, but I knew that Norman knew that little Nell had made him win the race. I saw him go into the tent; I saw the crowd of racers follow him in, dragging their wheels after them; I heard them give many reasons why they did not win the race, but Norman said not a word. He threw himself prone upon the ground, and allowed the attendant to pat back those tense muscles into place. Norman said not a word because he knew that whatever laurels were on his brow were placed there by little Nell.

THIS OLD COUNTRY.

FRANK L. STANTON.

PURTY big place—this country—to ever be laid on the shelf;
I never did have no fear o' that, though I've got ten acres myself;
An' talk don't 'mount to nothin'; the winds keep singin' a song;
The hills stand fast in the stormy blast, the rills keep runnin' along!

Purty big place—this country—to ever be drove to the wall;
The seed comes up in the spring-time—the harvest's shore in the fall;
An' the fields an' the medders blossom, an' the thunders shake the town,

An' the old flag waves in glory an' ripples the good news down!

Purty big place—this country—though people will foam an' fret,
An', shore as day an' the flowers o' May, "thar's life in the old land yet!"
Thar's life an' joy for the askin', an' thar ain't a breathin' clod
But ketches the kiss o' the sunshine, an' is free as the winds o' God!

Purty big place—this country—hills an' valleys an' plains.
Thanks be to God for the sunshine, an' the fine an' fresh'nin' rains!
An' the seed in the soil, an' the singin' o' birds in the medders an' dells;
An' the ringin'—the liberty ringin' o' the bells—o' the liberty bells!

The Lord is up in his heaven, an' He's bendin' a sky o' blue,
An' wavin' a ribbon o' rainbows like signals over you.
An' it's "Forward, march!" for the country, an' joy to the field an' town,
An' the hills an' the wild winds sing it, an' the red stripes ripple it down!

"Forward, march!" an' the music stirs like the roll of a drum!
"Forward, march!" an' the answer rings to the sky: "We come!"
An' we're marchin' on together, an' the goal—thank God!—is in view.
Three cheers for the great old country, an' the red, an' the white, an' the blue!

ROUND THE YEAR.

GEORGE COOPER.

O BEAUTIFUL world of green!
When bluebirds carol clear,
And rills outleap,
And new buds peep,
And the soft sky seems more near:
With billowy green and leaves—what then?
How soon we greet the red again?

O radiant world of red!
When roses blush so fair,
And winds blow sweet,
And lambkins bleat,
And the bees hum here and there:
With thrill of bobolinks,—Ah' then,
Before we know, the gold again!
O beautiful world of gold!
When waving grain is ripe,
And apples beam
Through the hazy gleam,
And quails on the fence-rail pipe:
With pattering nuts and winds,—why, then,
How swiftly falls the white again!

O wonderful world of white!
When trees are hung with lace,
And the rough winds chide,
And snowflakes hide
Each bleak unsheltered place:
When birds and brooks are dumb,—what,
then?
O round we go to the green again!

A WONDERFUL DOG STORY.

E. J. WHEELER.

WE were seated around a big log fire. For three hours we had been tramping behind the hounds as they coursed the coons through marshy fields and tangled woods. As it was now after one o'clock in the morning, we had broken off a dozen ears of corn in the last corn-field, pocketed a dozen "Greenings" from the last orchard we passed through, and had kindled a roaring fire to roast them and dry our feet. The new parson's son was with us that night, and, of course, we did our best to entertain him with the usual style of stories, —dog stories, of course, that we kept always on tap for the benefit of strangers. The last one of the lot had been told,—the one we always kept as a sort of finisher, about that wonderful dog that was so keen on the scent of a fox that he ran full tilt into a sapling, which split him in two from nose to tail. But it didn't stop him. His owner just clapped the two parts together while they were warm, they healed at once and the dog kept on. But in the hurry one-half the dog was turned upside down, so that two legs pointed one way and two the other, and the dog went careering along like a cart-wheel. We always let Sam Heath tell that story. I think he fished it out of a book in the first place, and he had told it about 500 times, I suppose.

The parson's son had listened quietly to all the stories, and we really began to think he would swallow this one. But when Sam had finished, and Dick Swoper had as usual sworn that he saw the dog himself a month later, alive and well, the parson's son himself took a hand.

"That must have been a wonderful sight," he said, in an innocent way, and I could see Dick nudge Sam in the ribs. "While I never saw anything quite so won-

derful as that, I could tell you almost as strange a story, about another dog, if you care to hear it. Oh, thank you! I'll try not to be too long about it. It was a dog that belonged to a half-breed Mission Indian up in Wisconsin. We called him 'Jock.'

"He was a long, lean, wiry fellow, with a keen scent, and a voice—well, you could hear the deep ring of it three miles away without trouble. He was like grim death on a trail, and when it came to a fight—well, he always counted a full one, when the soldiers counted noses. Jock was as useful as any man in the mission. Twice every week he made trips for the mail, going ten miles through the forest and returning alone, and he never lost a letter. In the winter we used to do a good deal of trapping of small game—minks, otters, weasels, foxes, and the like, and time and again I've known him, on a fierce, stormy day when no one else would stir outdoors, to make the round of the traps alone,—bringing in whatever had been caught, and leaving the traps set in perfect order for the next day's catch."

"Come now, young fellow, draw it mild," remarked one of the party.

"Gentlemen," said the parson's son, "my father has taught me that it is wrong to tell an untruth, even in jest. What I am telling you is the solemn truth, every word of it."

That settled it, for we knew he was a very conscientious young chap, who was studying for the ministry himself and couldn't afford to lose his reputation for the best dog going.

"Well, as I was saying," continued the parson's son, "Jock could not only set the traps again, but it is a matter of fact that no man in the barracks had as great skill in placing them, choosing the locations himself without assistance from anyone. What was still more remarkable, he had learned how to skin the animals as neatly as an old trapper. It was a sight to see him take

an otter, rip the skin up the belly, and tear it loose so gently that he never was known to spoil a pelt."

"Now see here, young man," said one of the party, "we don't have no questions about you're believing all you are saying, but did you ever see that thing done yourself?"

"Of course, I have. I've seen him do it time and again. So has my father. He will vouch for every word I'm saying."

"Well," sighed the one who had interrupted him, "go ahead with the rest of it," and he muttered under his breath: "Beats all the dog stories I ever heern."

"As I said, he used to go to the village for the mail; but more than that, he used to take his pelts along and dispose of them to the dealers there as shrewdly as a Connecticut Yankee. They couldn't fool him. He knew the value of each skin as well as they did. What was more, he knew the value of the coins they paid, and I don't believe he was ever cheated once. The dealers used to try it on, just for fun; but it wouldn't do. They had to give him full value, or he snatched up the skin again and left the store instanter."

"What did he do with the cash?" someone queried.

"Hid it somewhere in the woods—none of us knew where. He might have been well off by this time if he hadn't learned to drink. But when he once formed an appetite for liquor, he—well, he went to the dogs sure enough. One day some of the loafers got him beastly drunk and the constable found him fighting in the streets and arrested him. He kept him in jail over night and brought him into court the next morning like any other offender. They had a new judge on the bench, and he looked at Jock with surprise. 'Well,' he said, supposing Jock couldn't understand what was said. 'You are the dirtiest-looking hound I ever saw.' To his surprise Jock stood up at that, with flashing eyes, and if the judge never heard before who was to blame for the saloons and the work they did, he heard it then,

For three minutes Jock spoke in vigorous, straightforward English, and every word went right home."

The parson's son paused for a moment. As he began to resume the story, Sam Heath stopped, and his voice betrayed honest grief, as he said:

"Young man, don't give us any more of that. We're rather rough men, and perhaps we stretch the truth ourselves sometimes, but when our own parson's son forgets himself so far as you have done, it's different. If you didn't care for your own reputation, you might have had more regard for your father's."

"What have I done?" asked the young fellow. "I'll stand by every word I've said."

"Oh! come, come; don't make it any worse. You don't suppose you can make us believe that a dog ever stood up in court and made a temperance speech?"

"Who said anything about a dog?" asked the young fellow.

"Hain't you been telling us about a dog all this time?"

"No, I haven't?" said the young fellow. "I haven't got to the dog yet. I was telling about Jock, the half-breed Indian who owned the dog, of course."

There was a dead silence for about two minutes. No one spoke. All that could be heard was the crackling of the fire, the sizzing of the apples roasting, the heavy breathing of the dogs, and the rustling of the sleeping pheasants in the pine wood nearby who were disturbed by the blazing fire. As soon as Sam Heath found his voice again, he turned to Dick Swoper and in a low tone began to talk about the crops.

"PLEASE cut my hair," said Lyndon,
To the man in the barber shop;
"And I want it cut just like papa's,
With a little round hole on top!"

"PA NEVER DOES."

I DON'T know why I has to tote
In wood, 'n' help ma round,
'N' fix ther gate, 'n' gear ther horse,
'N' sweep leaves off ther ground.
I don't get any time ter play;
It's getting wuss 'n' wuss.
I wonder why I has to work?
Pa never does!

He jes' sets round 'n' smokes 'n' reads,
'N' kicks about ther noise;
'N' I don't get ter holler none
Like other people's boys.
Ma says she'll make a man of me.
Gee! don't I wisht I wuz!
I guess men don't have much ter do;
Pa never does!

But ma says I'm her chum, 'n' when
We get our work all done,
She reads ter me, 'n' tells me tales,
'N' we have lots er fun.
Las' night I hugged 'n' kissed her good—
Nobody knowed but us;
'N' then ma cried, 'n' I bet 'twas 'cause
Pa never does!

THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion; that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till.

JACKANAPES.

JULIANA H. EWING.

[The hero of this story was given the name "Jackanapes," in jest, at the time of his birth, and the appropriateness of the name to the sturdy, whole-souled, roguish boy, as he grew older, made it cling to him until his death. All through Jackanapes's boyhood his one great hope and ambition was to be a soldier. He was of a family of soldiers. His father had fallen at Waterloo, and his grandfather was a brave old general, who took great pride in Jackanapes's military longings, and who promised him that when he grew to manhood, he should have a commission as a cavalryman.]

JACKANAPES was always very friendly with Tony Johnson, and was to blame for leading him into all sorts of boyish scrapes, for Tony was so completely the slave and admirer of Jackanapes that he was willing to be led anywhere by him.

When Jackanapes reached the age of twenty-five, his grandfather secured for him a commission under the Iron Duke. Tony Johnson had not the slightest natural taste for fighting, but he was as devoted as ever to Jackanapes, so his father bought him a commission, and he was quite content to be the butt of the mess where Jackanapes was the hero. When Jackanapes wrote home, Tony wrote with the same purpose to his mother,—namely, to demand her congratulations that they were on active service at last and were ordered to the front, and he added a postscript to the effect that she could have no idea how popular Jackanapes was, or how splendidly he rode a wonderful red charger named Lollo.

* * * * * * * *

"Sound, Retire!"

The trumpeter did as he was bid and was wondering whether they would be allowed to move back quickly, when the smoke in front lifted for a moment and he could see the plain and the enemy's line some 200 yards away, and across the plain between them, he saw Jack-

Jnapes galloping alone at the top of Lollo's speed.

At this moment noise and smoke seemed to burst out on every side and the officer again shouted to him to sound "Retire!"

Tony Johnson, always unfortunate, on this day of all days in the year, had to ride an inferior, ill-conditioned beast (his own horse being on the sick-list), and fell off, at the very moment when it was a matter of life and death to be able to ride away. The horse fell on him, but struggled up again, and it was in trying to remount, that he discovered by helplessness and anguish, that one of his legs was crushed and broken and that no feat of which he was master would get him into the saddle. Not able even to stand alone, awkwardly, agonizingly, unable to mount his restive steed, his life was yet strong within him. On one side rolled the smoke and dust cloud of his advancing foes, and on the other, that which covered his retreating friends. He sent one piteous look after them, with a bitter twinge, not of reproach but of loneliness, then, dragging himself up by the side of his horse, he turned the other way, drew out his revolver, and waited for the end. Whether he waited seconds or minutes he never knew, before someone gripped him by the arm.

"Jackanapes! God bless you! It's my left leg. If you could get me on——"

It was like Tony's luck that his pistol went off at his horse's tail and made it plunge; but Jackanapes threw him across the saddle.

"Hold on anyhow, and stick your spur in. I'll lead him. Keep your head down; they're firing high."

It was when they were fairly off, that a sudden uprising of the enemy in all directions made it necessary to change the gradual retirement into as rapid a retreat as possible. When Jackanapes became aware of this, and felt the lagging and swerving of Tony's horse, he wished that he had thrown his friend across his own saddle and left their lives to Lollo. When Tony became

aware of it, several things came into his mind: That the dangers of their ride for life were now more than doubled; that if Jackanapes and Lollo were not burdened with him, they would undoubtedly escape; that Jackanapes's life was infinitely valuable and that his—Tony's—was not; that this, if he could seize it, was the supremest of all moments in which he had tried to assume the virtues that Jackanapes had by nature; and that if he could be courageous and unselfish now—

He caught at his reins and spoke very loud:

"Jackanapes! It won't do. You and Lollo must go on. Tell the fellows I gave you back to them with all my heart. Jackanapes, if you love me, leave me!"

There was a daffodil light over the evening sky in front of them, and it shone strangely on Jackanapes's face. He turned, with an odd look in his eyes that a vainer man than Tony Johnson might have taken for brotherly pride.

"*Leave you?* To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul!"

* * * * * * * *

Coming out of the hospital tent at headquarters, the surgeon cannoned against and rebounded from the major.

"Beg pardon, major; didn't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises. But it's all right; he'll pull through, if he doesn't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes."

"What about Jackanapes?" asked the major, hoarsely.

"Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson, and brought him in; but, monstrous ill-luck, hit as he rode, left lung—"

"Will he recover?"

"No. Sad business. Finest young fellow——"

"Where is he?"

"In his own tent," said the surgeon, sadly, and the major wheeled and left him.

* * * * * * * *

"Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, thank you, major, except—I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson!"

"This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes."

"Let me tell you, sir—*he* never will—that if he could have driven me from him, he would be lying yonder at this moment, and I should be safe and sound."

The major laid his hand over his mouth, as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

"I've known old Tony from a child. He's a fool on impulse, a good fellow and a gentleman in principle. He acts on principle, which it's not every—Some water, please! Tony's no fire-eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I'm gone—"

"He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do anything else?"

"Yes, major, one more favor. Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He's used to it."

"Wouldn't you rather Johnson had him?"

The blue eyes twinkled in spite of mortal pain.

"Tony *rides* on principle, major. I couldn't insult dear Lollo; but if you don't care—"

"While I live—which will be longer than I desire or deserve—Lollo shall want nothing but—you. My dear boy, you're faint. Can you spare me for a moment?"

"No, stay—major! My head drifts so—if you don't mind—"

"Yes, yes! What is it?"

"Say a prayer by me. Out loud please; I am getting deaf."

"My dearest Jackanapes—my dear boy—"

"One of the church prayers—Parade Service, you know—"

"I see. But the fact is—God forgive me, Jackanapes! —I'm a very different sort of fellow to some of you youngsters. Look here, let me fetch—"

But Jackanapes's hand was in his, and it would not let go.

There was a brief and bitter silence.

"'Pon my soul, I can only remember the little one at the end."

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the major, kneeling, bared his head and spoke loudly and very reverently:

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ—"

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right, which still held the major's.

"The love of God—"

And with that Jackanapes died.

* * * * * * * *

The parson preached Jackanapes's funeral sermon on the text: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it;" and all the village went and wept to hear him.

THE LONG-FELT WANT.

GIVE us the words that are old—
Words that are frank and bold;
Words that are swift and strong
And never a whit too long.
Give us the words that are deeds,
That brighten and breathe in creeds;
Words that make cowards brave—
Words that are strong to save.
Live words that shine and blaze
Like the sun with his living rays—
They are the words, always!

THE SENSITIVE-PLANT.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PART I.

A SENSITIVE-PLANT in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive-plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness,

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose—
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive-plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the sensitive-plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like love,—its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The sensitive-plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

There was a power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden,—a ruling Grace,
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,
Which, dilating, had molded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even;
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth.

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face

Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than paradise;

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it pressed.
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark-green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam,
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer-tide,
And, ere the first leaf looked brown—she died.

PART III.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the sensitive-plant
Felt the sound of the funeral-chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul:
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks,
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapors arose, which have strength to kill.
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

The sensitive-plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue,

Then winter came. The wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip.
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

And under the roots of the sensitive-plant
The moles and the dormice died for want;
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The sensitive-plant was a leafless wreck;
But the mandrakes and toadstools and docks and darnels
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the sensitive-plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,
Ere its outward form had known decay,
Now felt this change, I can not say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess. But in this life
Of error, ignorance and strife,
Where nothing is but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet
Pleasant, if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odors there,
In truth have never passed away.
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed, not they.

THE COURTSHIP OF MR. BUMBLE AND MRS. CORNEY.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MRS. CORNEY, the matron of the workhouse, sat herself down before a cheerful fire in her own little room, and glanced with no small degree of complacency at a small round table, on which stood a tray of corresponding size, furnished with all necessary materials for the most grateful meal that matrons enjoy. In fact, Mrs. Corney was about to solace herself with a cup of tea. As she glanced from the table to the fireplace, where the smallest of all possible kettles was singing a small song in a small voice, her inward satisfaction evidently increased,—so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Corney smiled.

"Well!" said the matron, leaning her elbow on the table, and looking reflectively at the fire, "I'm sure we have all on us a great deal to be grateful for! A great deal, if we did but know it."

Mrs. Corney shook her head mournfully, as if deploring the mental blindness of those paupers who did not know it, and, thrusting a silver spoon into the inmost recesses of a two-ounce tin tea-caddy, proceeded to make the tea.

She had just tasted her first cup, when she was disturbed by a soft tap at the room door.

"Oh, come in with you!" said Mrs. Corney, sharply. "Some of the old women dying, I suppose. They always die when I'm at meals. Don't stand there, letting the cold air in; don't. What's amiss now, eh?"

"Nothing, ma'am, nothing," replied a man's voice.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron, in a much sweeter tone, "is that Mr. Bumble?"

"At your service, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, who now made his appearance bearing the cocked hat in one hand and a bundle in the other. "Shall I shut the door, ma'am?"

The lady modestly hesitated to reply, lest there should be any impropriety in holding an interview with Mr. Bumble, with closed doors. Mr. Bumble, taking advantage of the hesitation, and being very cold himself, shut it without permission.

"Hard weather, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

"Hard, indeed, ma'am; anti-parochial weather, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney, we have given away, a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon, and yet them paupers are not contented."

"Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble?" said the matron, sipping her tea.

"When, indeed, ma'am!" rejoined Mr. Bumble. "Why here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma'am? Is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it! What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few coals; 'if it's only a pocket-handkerchief full,' he says! Coals! What would he do with coals? Toast his cheese with 'em and then come back for more. That's the way with these people, ma'am; give 'em a apronful of coals to-day, and they'll come back for another, the day after to-morrow, as brazen as—as—as alabaster. But, however," said the beadle, stopping to unpack his bundle, "these are official secrets, ma'am—not to be spoken of—except, as I may say, among the parochial officers, such as ourselves. This is the port wine, ma'am, that the board ordered for the infirmary; real, fresh, genuine port wine,—only

out of the cask this forenoon; clear as a bell, and no sediment!"

Having held the first bottle up to the light, and shaken it well to test its excellence, Mr. Bumble placed them both on the top of a chest of drawers, and took up his hat, as if to go.

"You'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

"It blows, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat collar, "enough to cut one's ears off."

The matron looked from the little kettle to the beadle, who was moving toward the door, and, as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea?

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his coat collar again, laid his hat and stick upon a chair, and drew another chair up to the table. As he slowly seated himself, he looked at the lady. She fixed her eyes upon the little teapot. Mr. Bumble coughed again and smiled slightly.

Mrs. Corney rose to get another cup and saucer from the closet. As she sat down, her eyes once again encountered those of the gallant beadle; she colored and applied herself to the task of making his tea. Again Mr. Bumble coughed, louder this time than he had coughed yet.

"Sweet, Mr. Bumble?" inquired the matron, taking up the sugar basin.

"Very sweet indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble.

He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this, and if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

The tea was made and handed in silence.

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see," said Mr. Bumble, glancing at one who, in the centre of her family, was basking before the fire; "and kittens, too, I declare!"

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble! They're *so*

happy, *so* frolicsome, and *so* cheerful, that they are quite companions for me."

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, approvingly; "so very domestic."

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron, with enthusiasm; "so fond of their home, too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure."

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly and marking the time with his teaspoon, "I mean to say this, ma'am, that any cat or kitten that could live with you, ma'am, and *not* be fond of its home, must be a ass, ma'am."

"O Mr. Bumble!" remonstrated Mrs. Corney.

"It's of no use disguising facts, ma'am; why, I would drown it myself, with pleasure."

"Then you're a cruel man," said the matron, vivaciously, as she held out her hand for the beadle's cup, "and a very hard-hearted man, besides."

Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word, squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little morsel farther from the fire.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney? Are *you* hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me! What a very curious question from a single man! What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop, finished a piece of toast, whisked the crumbs off his knees, wiped his lips, and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble!" cried that discreet lady, in a whisper; for the fright was so great that she had quite lost her voice; "Mr. Bumble! I shall scream!"

Mr. Bumble made no reply; but, in a slow and dignified manner, put his arm round the matron's waist.

Just at this moment there was a knocking at the door, which was no sooner heard than Mr. Bumble darted, with much agility, to the wine bottles, and began dust-

ing them with great violence, while the matron sharply demanded who was there.

"If you please, mistress," said a withered old female pauper, putting her head in at the door, "Old Sally is a-going fast."

"Well, what's that to me?" angrily demanded the matron. "I can't keep her alive, can I?"

"No, no, mistress," replied the old woman, "nobody can; she's far beyond the reach of help; but she says she has something to tell, which you must hear. She'll never die quiet till you come, mistress."

At this intelligence, the worthy Mrs. Corney muttered a variety of invectives against old women who couldn't even die without purposely annoying their betters, and muffling herself in a thick shawl, which she hastily caught up, briefly requested Mr. Bumble to stay till she came back, and followed the old woman from the room with a very ill grace, scolding all the way.

Mr. Bumble's conduct, on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the teaspoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal, and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked hat cornerwise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table. Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off his cocked hat again, and spreading himself before the fire with his back toward it, seemed to be taking an exact inventory of the furniture.

He was still placidly engaged in this latter survey, when Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself, in a breathless state, on a chair by the fireside, and, covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is it, ma'am? Has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me; I'm on—on—"

Mr. Bumble in his alarm could not immediately think

of the words "tenter hooks," so he said "broken bottles."

"O Mr. Bumble!" cried the lady, "I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"Put out, ma'am! Who has dared to—? I know! This is them wicious paupers!"

"It's dreadful to think of!" said the lady, shuddering.

"Then *don't* think of it, ma'am."

"I can't help it," whimpered the lady.

"Then take something, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, soothingly. "A little of the wine."

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney. "I couldn't—oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner —oh!"

Uttering these words, the good lady pointed, distractedly, to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet, and, snatching a pint green glass bottle from the shelf, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness, and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

"Peppermint," exclaimed Mr. Corney, in a weak voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it! There's a little—a little something else in it."

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look, smacked his lips, took another taste, and put the cup down empty.

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle.

As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney; "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur."

"Not weak, ma'am," retorted Mr. Bumble, drawing his chair a little closer. "Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs. Corney.

"So we are," said the beadle.

Nothing was said, on either side for a minute or two afterward. By the expiration of that time, Mr. Bumble had removed his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

"We are all weak creeturs," repeated Mr. Bumble.

Mrs. Corney sighed.

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Corney, and she sighed again.

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, looking around. "Another room and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing."

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

"But not for two, ma'am; eh, Mrs. Corney? The board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?" inquired the beadle, affectionately pressing her hand.

"And candles," replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free! O Mrs. Corney, what a angel you are!"

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sank into Mr. Bumble's arms, and that gentleman, in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

"Such parochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinator?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble. "He is the master of this establishment. His death will cause a wacancy; that wacancy must be filled

up. O Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a jining of hearts and housekeepings!"

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

"The little word?" said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. "The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

"Ye-ye-yes!" sighed out the matron.

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?"

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak, and twice failed. At length, summoning up courage, she threw her arms round Mr. Bumble's neck, and said it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck."

Matters being thus amicably and satisfactorily arranged, the contract was solemnly ratified in another teacupful of the peppermint mixture, which was rendered the more necessary by the flutter and agitation of the lady's spirits.

The "duck" then turned up his coat-collar, put on his cocked-hat, and, having exchanged a long and affectionate embrace with his future partner, left the building with a light heart and bright visions of his future promotion.

THE MEETING OF THE CLABBERHUSES.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

[From "Dreams in Homespun," by permission of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, publishers.]

HE was the Chairman of the Guild
Of Early Pleiocene Patriarchs;
He was Chief Mentor of the Lodge
Of the Oracular Oligarchs.

He was the Lord High Autocrat
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin
Of the Millennial Men of Might.

He was Grand Totem and High Priest
Of the Independent Potentates;
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy
Of the Illustrious Stay-out-lates,
The President of the Dandydudes,
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee,
The Leader of the Clubtown Band
And Architects of Melody.

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;
Of Vestals of the Third Degree
She was Most Potent Matriarch;
She was High Priestess of the Shrine
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,
And First Vice-President of the League
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.

She was the First Dame of the Club
For Teaching Patagonians Greek;
She was Chief Clerk and Auditor
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique;
She was High Treasurer of the Fund
For Borrioboolaghalians,
And the Fund for Sending Browning's Poems
To Native-Born Australians.

Once to a crowded social fête
Both these much titled people came,
And each perceived, when introduced,
They had the selfsame name.
Their hostess said, when first they met:
"Permit me now to introduce
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse
To Mrs. Clabberhuse."

"'Tis very strange," said she, to him,
"Such an unusual name,
A name so very seldom heard,
That we should bear the same."
"Indeed, 'tis wonderful," said he,
"And I'm surprised the more,
Because I never heard the name
Outside my home before.

"But now I come to look at you,"
Said he, "upon my life,
If I am not indeed deceived,
You are—you are—my wife."
She gazed into his searching face
And seemed to look him through.
"Indeed," said she, "it seems to me
You are my husband, too.

"I've been so busy with my clubs
And in my various spheres
I have not seen you now," she said,
"For over fourteen years."
"That's just the way it's been with me,
These clubs demand a sight——"
And then they both politely bowed,
And sweetly said "Good night."

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

BIBLE.

NOW the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle. And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.

And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was 5,000 shekels of brass.

And he had greaves of brass upon his legs and a target of brass between his shoulders.

And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed 600 shekels of iron; and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them: "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." And the Philistine said: "I defy the armies of Israel this day. Give me a man that we may fight together."

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.

Now David was the son of Jesse, who had eight sons.

And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle.

And David was the youngest. But David went and returned from Saul to feed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

And the Philistine drew near, morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And Jesse said unto David his son: "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and then ten loaves, and run to the camp of thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge."

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle; for Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion (the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name) out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words; and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And the men of Israel said: "Have ye seen this man that is come up? Surely to defy Israel is he come up; and it shall be that the man who killeth him the King will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying: "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living god?"

And the people answered him, saying: "So shall it be done to the man that killeth him."

And Eliab, his eldest brother, heard, when he spake unto the men, and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said: "Why camest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle."

And David said: "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

And he turned from him toward another and spake

after the same manner; and the people answered him again after the former manner.

And when the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul; and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul: "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he rose against me, I caught him by his hand, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." David said, moreover: "The Lord hath delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear; he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

And Saul said unto David: "Go and the Lord be with thee."

And Saul armed David with his armor and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he essayed to go; for he had not proved it.

And David said unto Saul: "I can not go with these, for I have not proved them," and David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy and of a fair countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David: "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?"

And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

Then said David to the Philistine: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I am come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's and he will give you into our hands."

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore, David ran and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they turned and fled.

THE PROFESSOR'S BALL GAME.

WILL H. IRWIN.

IT was the great Yale-Harvard game of baseball. On the Harvard side all was defeat, on the Yale, all glory. Cries of "Rah! rah! rah! Yale!" rent the air, and blue flags waved triumphantly from the left of the field. On the right, however, there were no shouts; the crimson dragged in the dust. Naught was heard but the despairing groan of some Freshman who saw his term pocket-money fade into thin air, and the somewhat strained exuberance of the coacher, as he shouted:

"Now, hi! there, now whoa, there! Steady, old man! We've just give 'em a lead for fun! Now, hi there! Now whoa! There! Slide! *Slide!* SLIDE!"

On the grand stand sat the professor and his pretty daughter, a look of settled despair on her face.

"And, Helen," the professor was remarking, "you say the object, so to speak, of the runner is to reach the base, as you term it, before the ball?"

"Yes, but it doesn't do him one speck of good until he gets around home. Then it counts one run."

"Ah, I see, I see!"

The professor's face beamed as placidly as though he had found out a brand new scientific fact.

"And I am to understand," he continued, that our boys have not been as—ahem!—successful—in getting around home, as you expressed it—as might be desired?"

"Papa, our boys have played like angels, but they're in awfully hard luck."

"Do you mean to say that there is any danger of old Harvard being defeated?"

"Danger? Well, I should think so! Why, papa, it's the last half of the ninth inning, two men are out, and

there's a man on second base. Nothing but one of the old-time, never-say-die rallies can save us now. Unless Ketchon, who is at the bat, can make a hit, we're lost."

"Ketchon? Phineas C. Ketchon! Do you mean to say that the honor of our alma mater is on the shoulders of Mr. Ketchon? The poor, foolish young man! Now, if it were Mr. Omega, I should feel confident; but Mr. Ketchon! Why, Helen, his Greek papers are a trial to my nerves!"

"Omega! Why, papa, Mr. Omega couldn't hit a balloon with a barn door. He'd never know the ball was coming till it smashed his spectacles. But, say, I know he's on to that pitcher's curves. See! There was too much of an out on that last one and he let it go past him. Oh, papa, he's hit it! He's hit it! Away out in the field by the fence! Go on! Go on! Oh, they'll get it, I know they will! Come on! *Come on!* Those boys in the out-field throw in like demons. He's going to try to make it! He's on third! The short stop's got it! Oh, I know they'll get him! Slide, Slide! O papa, they caught him. I knew they would! No, he's safe! It was the winning run! Oh, papa, if you ever rake Mr. Ketchon over the coals for his Greek papers again!"

"If I ever do," thundered the professor, "you can label me and put me in a cabinet with the other fossils. Now, boys, all together! H-A-R-V-A-R-D—Harvard! Rah-rah-rah-rah! Harvard! Sis! Bang! Boom! Harvard! Whoop 'em up for Ketchon! Ketchon! Rah! whoop rah-Ketchon-Ketch-*on!*"

MY OLD RAG DOLL.

HARRIET F. CROCKER.

LAST night I searched the garret for a long-forgotten book,
And as I pried and peered about, down in a dusty nook,

I found what made me all at once forget what I was after,
And filled my eyes with springing tears, and stirred my voice to laughter;
And up I took it wonderingly, with cobwebs, dust and all,
And held it close against my heart—
My old rag doll.

Oh, dear forgotten childhoods' joy! Oh, precious long-lost treasure!
I can not tell why such a pain was mingled with the pleasure;
I can not tell just why the tears fell fast from eyes bent over
That dusty, dear, old-fashioned thing—I only know I love her.
I only know that "Polly," in her ragged little shawl,
Is mine once more—is mine again—
My old rag doll.

Dear relic of my childhood—of that happy, happy time
When life meant play and sunshine, and every joy was mine;
When care was all unknown to me, and every bright to-morrow
Was but an echo of to-day! There rarely acme a sorrow,
But when my fair horizon was stirred by sudden squall,
There was naught that gave me comfort like
My old rag doll.

The old familiar dirty face, with features done in ink,
And the little faded ribbon tied with many a childish prink,
And the dusty plaid merino of the little time-worn gown,
And the tiny knitted stockings o'er the shoe-tops slipping down—

There on the garret floor I sat and brooded o'er them all,
And longed for that sweet childhood with
My old rag doll.

And though I am a woman, with a woman's work and care,
And though I look each morning for the silver in my hair,
And all my golden childhood is but a happy dream,
Somehow to-day its perfect joys a little nearer seem,
Since I found her in the garret with the cobwebs, dust and all,
That dearest relic of the past—
My old rag doll.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

I LOVED her dearly years ago,
And she—she loved me, too, she said.
We planned and promised, she and I,
When we were older to be wed.

We planned and promised—happy time!
All life was fair before us then.
"When we are older" seemed far off,
For she was eight and I was ten.

I chance to think about it now
Because—I married her to-day.
I think of how we pictured it
In those old times, so far away.

'Twas all as we had planned—except
The bridegroom was young Walter Fay,
And I—I was the minister—
And so I married her to-day

A PARTIAL CRITIC.

"OH, little girl, whose twenty years
Make you seem none the older
Since that spring day when love's glad tears
Bade bashfulness be bolder,
Tell me: Have you grown more wise
Or any more discerning,
And are you more inclined to prize
The benefits of learning?"

This to my love—a birthday rhyme—
I gave when she was twenty.
Her little head up to that time
I'd filled with books in plenty.
I'd offered Thackeray and Scott,
Shakespeare, and some of Milton,
To show her in a measure
What an education's built on.

I'd offered Wordsworth,—not too much;
Keats all; and bites of Shelley.
In Browning, whom I didn't touch,
I feared a *casus belli;*
Gave some of Swinburne,
That as spice would go well
With my selections from
Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell.

And now, the fruitful year at end,
The ripe results I sought for,
And wondered if her words would show
The wisdom that I thought for.
Alas! Yet I confess it fell
Like "paid" upon a debtor.
Said she: "I like them very well,
But I like what you write better!"

BILL.

WHEN the stage "went light" they ran out the small buckboard; but when there were more than four passengers the big mud wagon was "put on." This was buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with $10,000 in the newest of tens and twenties in it.

The driver looked very blue. Things were going all wrong at home.

"Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore. Can't git no decent job nowadays. Nothin' ter be hed by prospectin'—tried thet time an' ag'in. Ef I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch, but it's a long way off, an' me an' Sue an' the kids an' Bill hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Brother Bill's all right, but he's onlucky. Been tryin' fur a month ter git a job, an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin' ter work. He'd stan' waist-deep in the creek all day long washin' out tailin's, ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it fer six weeks an' didn't git enough ter buy a pair o' gum boots. Whoa, Buckskin! He'd jam right inter the station platform ef yer didn't saw his teeth out."

Then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zach Springer's liking.

"They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold thet I need ter be preached ter every time I go out now with a full box. Stoop-shouldered, desk-settin' hounds! I'd like ter see one on 'em handlin' the ribbons when thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar'l head.

Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The sweet-scented, calfskin-booted young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em."

Zach Springer's indignation was now in complete possession of him.

They had suspected him then of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. Had that been the reason the stage-company had cut down his pay? The chances were that it was. Wouldn't it serve them just right, if —The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs, and sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver, like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man.

It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or in Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few days—may be a week. Perhaps a month,—that would be better. It would all blow over by that time.

The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for the wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over if he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done.

Here was the place to do it,—right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sage-brush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there—anywhere—into the sage-brush. It would be as well concealed as though buried in six feet of earth. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then, flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of his hat, which he then replaced on his head. Would they believe the story that he would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat brim? What would he care whether

they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game.

But what would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that—for, of course, he would know. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country, though he was only a young fellow—a mere boy. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he. Why, he remembered well the day when he was born, when they took him to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head, when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high-chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks that fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him hurt him now just as badly—worse, perhaps—than they did Brother Bill. What would Bill say?

"Git up thar. Git, Buckskin! Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy critters. G'lang!" and down came the long lash upon the dust-covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran. "I lost some time with a blamed notion that I orter 'a' ben licked fer ever thinkin' on a minit. Wall, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. What's this? A hold-up, sure as shootin'!"

Out from behind a tall rock, a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester.

"I reckon yer've got the drop on me, stranger. Stick up my hands? In course I will, ef yer insist on it. I s'pose yer arter this 'ere box. Throw it out? It's too heavy fer that. Yer'll hev ter give us a lift."

With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon.

"Thar it is, help yerself; but yer'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, ef yer goin' far—over forty pounds."

The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously.

"A green un at the business," thought Zach; "meb-be thar'll be an openin' here yit."

The robber pulled and hauled at the box, but it would not budge, for it was caught in a nail head in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and out he whipped his bright-barreled pistol.

"It's no go! Put that weepin' daown, yer fool!" for the man was raising his Winchester. "You won't? Then take that."

A flash, a report, and back fell the robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust.

"Takes a purty keen un ter git erway with Ol' Zach, arter all. This 'ere means a big raise from the stage-comp'ny an' a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's 'bout right arter this. Hooray fur hooray! My stock's ris'! It's 'way up ter a hundred an' fifty? Whoop-e-e!"

Suddenly he stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face.

"Almighty God! It's Bill!"

"WHEN I grow up, I'll be a man, won't I?" asked Willie, of his mother.

"Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself."

"Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

GOOD MEASURE.

A LADY on one of the sugar plantations down South, a zealous Christian worker, is accustomed to have the little negroes come to her to say the catechism. In case of disobedience or gross ignorance, she does not hesitate to administer the old-time mode of discipline. One day a little negro named Joe came in with his catechism, when the following dialogue occurred.

"Joe, how many Gods are there?"

"Three."

"Why, Joe, don't—"

"Four."

"Joe, is it possible—"

"Five."

"Will you never learn—'

"Six."

"I am astonished!"

"Seven."

"O Joe, you are—"

"Eight."

This was too much, and Joe received a sharp box on his ears, and was sent away in disgrace and in tears. Going out, he met another little negro named Bill.

"Whar ye gwine, Joe?"

"I'se gwine home. Look yere, Bill; how many Gods is dere?"

"Good gracious, Joe, don't you know dat much? Dar's only one."

"Look yere, Bill, you gwine tell Miss Grace dar's only one God and she kill you. I tole her dar was eight an' she almos' knocked me down."

IT is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

THE NIGHT WIND.

EUGENE FIELD.

[From "Love-Songs of Childhood," by permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.]

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o?"
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wait the long hours through?"
And the night would say, in its ghostly way:
"*Yo-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o!*"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant.
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew;
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"*Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o!*"

That this was true I must allow,—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now
I was not always so.

And if you doubt what things I say,
  Suppose you make the test;
Suppose when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
  From mother and the rest;
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
  And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
  "*Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o! Yo-o-o-o-o-o-o!*"

MR. BARKER'S PICTURE.

MAX ADELER.

"YOUR charge against Mr. Barker, the artist here," said the magistrate, "is assault and battery, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is——"

"Potts. I am art-critic of the *Weekly Spy*."

"State your case."

"I called at Mr. Barker's studio, upon his invitation, to see his great picture, just finished, of George Washington cutting down the cherry-tree with his hatchet. Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it to Congress for $50,000. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake of making the handle of the hatchet twice as thick as the tree and in turning the head of the hatchet around so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end, I asked him why he foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his left foot was upon the mountain on the other side of the river."

"Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?"

"Well, he looked a little glum—that's all. And then, when I asked him why he put a guinea-pig up in the

tree, and why he painted the guinea-pig with horns, he said that it was not a guinea-pig, but a cow, and that it was not in the tree but in the background. Then I said that if I had been painting George Washington, I should not have given him the complexion of a salmon brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should not have tried to stick his right eye around so that he could see around the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said: 'Oh, wouldn't you?' sarcastic, your honor. And I said: 'No, I wouldn't; and I wouldn't have painted oak-leaves on a cherry-tree, and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney, or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking a smoke."

"Which was it?" asked the magistrate.

"I don't know. Nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do. I told him that I thought his best chance was to abandon the Washington idea and to fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The Boy Who Stood on the Burning Deck.' I told him he might paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river so's it would rest somewhere on the burning deck, and may be he might reconstruct the factory chimney or whatever it was and make it the captain; while he could arrange the guinea-pig to do for the captain's dog."

"Did he agree?"

"He said the idea didn't strike him. So then I suggested that he might turn it into 'Columbus Discovering America.' Let George stand for Columbus, and the tree be turned into a native, and the hatchet made to answer for a flag; while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he'd be hanged if it should. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for 'The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.' Put George in block for the heads-

man, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary, let the hatchet stand, and work in the guinea-pig and the factory chimney as mourners. Just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore our Washington's near leg, and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for a while, and finally Barker was whipped. But I am going to take the law out on him in the interests of justice and high art."

So Barker was bound over, and Mr. Potts went down to the office of the *Spy*, to write up his criticism.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEEP on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon.
My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent towers
Start down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;

So in my earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up! The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The Sabbaths of Eternity,
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

THE NEW GIRL'S LOGIC.

MRS. HOWARD J. CURTIS.

SOMEBODY tells of the good old days
And says they of folly our times convict.
That's what somebody always says
When everyone's dead who would contradict!
But I contend that we modern girls
Are wiser than girls were long ago.
I'll prove it, too, through the dimples and curls
Of dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

She may have been prettier, portraits lie,
And those are dead who saw her and knew;
But, of course, there's no proof of this, but I—
I don't believe that this is true!

And then to think of the things she did:
Out in the winter she used to go
In thinnest slippers of fancy kid—
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

Thin silk stockings, a cape of fur,
A low-necked, short-sleeved muslin gown—
That was the winter suit for her,
When she was shopping about the town.
No warm flannels she ever bought.
What would be said if we dressed so?

Oh, there is much we could have taught
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.
To eighteen inches she drew her stays;
I can't imagine how that would feel.
Say what you choose, but in these days
Girls couldn't do it and ride a wheel;
But physiology and hygiene
She never studied and could not know
What the foolish way she dressed might mean—
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

When she had a lover—we all have him,
There we are no better nor worse than she—
She took a quill in her fingers slim,
And wrote "Deer John," with a double *e*.
If in our love-letters we did this,
I'm sure we never could keep a beau.
Her capitals, also, were all amiss—
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

And then there's the tale—that the best of proof
Makes very romantic—they tell with pride,
How Dorothy fair left her father's roof
And fled o'er the border to be a bride.
Grandfather followed to stop the match.
Her horses were fast and his were slow,
And, hard as he galloped, he could not catch
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

They call this a lovely romantic dream,
But then it is dated a long way back.
It wouldn't be thought a poetic theme
If I should elope in a hired hack!
Perhaps they didn't quite think so then,
But only after the years' long flow.
Well, none of us actually hate the men,
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

But we of this end of the century take
The traditional look before we leap.
It's very seldom our hearts we break,
And rather than fall into love we creep.
Yet I must say, to be just and true,
That however wise and strong we grow,
We can love no stronger nor better than you,
Dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

And though I think I can make my case
That girls in this age are much improved,
'Twas very pleasant in your old place,
With little more than to love and be loved.
From the life of to-day, I'll a moment steal,
I'll slip on your muslin of long ago,
And just for a moment I'll try to feel
Like dear little great aunt Dorothy Snow.

ETHELINDA'S RECITATIONS.

IT was not the fault of the landlady. She strove patiently and conscientiously to make the place homelike and comfortable. Peace might have reigned and joy expanded had it not been for a lady boarder who thought the landlady ought to have help.

This boarder was assisted in her attempts to make life less monotonous for her fellow-boarders by her daughter, a small, seven-year-old girl with abnormal

powers of obedience and a most luxurious crop of freckles. Whenever the two were present the other people would talk fast, because they knew any lapse in the conversation would be seized upon to require Ethelinda to come forward and recite.

Ethelinda and her mother had only one rival in unpopularity—a young man boarder who, in addition to large wavy ears, wore plaid clothes and a tall collar that never harmonized with his shirt-bosom. When he had heard Ethelinda's repertoire once or twice he began to take a great interest in the performance. He spoke to her mother of the infant's wonderful talents, and he was often seen with the little girl apart from the others, keeping time with one hand while she recited.

A new boarder came to the house, a member of Congress; a man of impressive demeanor, as became his importance. There was a hush among the people who had assembled in the parlor just prior to the dinner hour. They were all under some slight restraint—all except Ethelinda's mother.

"Dearie," said she, "won't you recite something for the ladies and gentlemen?"

"Yes," put in the young man with the large ears, "recite that piece about 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.'"

The prodigy hesitated in embarrassment.

"'England's sun was slowly setting,'" prompted the mother.

She looked up at the ceiling, and nervously rumpling a fold of her frock between her thumb and forefinger, proceeded:

"England's sun was slowly setting,
When the maiden grabbed the bell.
'Come, what mean you?' cried the sexton.
'Oh,' said she, 'I hate to tell,
But to-night I go out riding
And I have no bell in sight,
And I fear those bold policemen,
Curfew—must—not—ring—to-night!'"

Her mother turned pale and gasped, but the young man, with a bland smile, suggested:

"Let's have that new one."

The prodigy promptly began:

"We will all be there when the orchestra plays,
We'll give her applause and we'll throw bouquets.
In the ballet she stands in the foremost row,
The somebody's grandmother, boys, you know."

The applause was tremendous.

"Don't you know any more?" inquired the member of Congress.

"Where she learned that ribald trash is more than I can tell?" exclaimed her indignant mother.

"How about 'Hostler Joe?'" asked the young man in a nonchalant tone. Ordinarily such a suggestion would have been met with chilling frowns. But they all listened with cheerful expectancy while the little girl piped up:

"Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, when she married 'Ostler Joe;
She got divorced and then went out and traveled with a show.
Her husband thought he'd go and see the play one winter's night;
It shocked him when he saw her coming forward to recite;
But for her the blow was fatal. She soon found out, alas!
He was all the audience present, and he came in on a pass."

"My child, leave the room this—"

But the reproof was drowned by the approving demonstrations, under whose cover her new prompter gave another hint. The child made the little bow with which she preceded each selection, and went on:

"Go wash the dishes, mother,
And wash them nice and neat,
While I play on this piano
The two-step march so sweet;
And brush up my old clothes, mother,
Be hasty and don't get gay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother!
I'm to be Queen of the May!"

Her mother was too much overcome to speak. She did not even protest when the young man asked for "The Face on the Floor," and Ethelinda gave:

"It was a balmy evening and a goodly crowd was there;
A man stepped up before the bar, he had no cash to spare.
He turned away. He vainly tried to hurry through the door,
And then the big bartender pushed his face upon the floor."

"Of course, you know 'Paul Revere's Ride?'" said the young man, innocently.

"Yes," answered Ethelinda, whose expression had gradually assumed a radiance and satisfaction quite foreign to it. She had never before been so appreciated. With alacrity she plunged into the lines:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
It was on an electric railway train,
He would go away and come back again,
He took up fares and he pulled the string
Which caused a machine to remark 'Ding, ding.'"

"Ethelinda," said the mother, in a cold, hard voice. "I shall give you one more chance to redeem yourself. You may come away from that part of the room and recite 'Casabianca.' I think possibly you will be able to do that without any of this rude interference."

Again the little bow and again the small, shrill-keyed voice took up the familiar rhythm:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
They called to him, he wouldn't budge,
And this is what he said:
'Go, save yourselves, I'll linger here,
It's hard to have to toast;
But I'm such a chestnut that
I ought to get a roast.'"

Her mother dashed into the middle of the room and carried the child away.

Ethelinda is never permitted to recite now when her mother is present, and the young man with the large ears is the most popular person on the block.

THE man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there, and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces.

TWILIGHT.

GRACE BLACKBURN.

LIKE twittering birds that flutter to the nest,
Pair after pair,
Our thoughts come homing from each far-off quest
Of daylight glare,
To shelter in the quiet hour of rest.
The bronze sun sinks in mists of purple rose
And penciled gray;
Swart clouds of cobalt drift to hide the throes
Of dying day.
The twilight gathers on each thymy crest;
Sphere after sphere the soft stars swing above.
Oh! lay thy head close, close upon my breast.
Pale twilight is the resting time of love,
And love is best.

LITTLE GAVROCHE.

VICTOR HUGO.

[Little Gavroche has become the type of the Paris street-gamin. Homeless, friendless, and half-starving, yet he shares with two little waifs he picks up his last sou and his bed in an old rookery called the "Elephant." The following excerpt, probably more truly than any other portion of the book in which he figures, shows his sunniness of disposition and general good-heartedness.]

ONE evening when a gale blew so roughly that January seemed to have returned, little Gavroche, shivering in his rags, was standing before a barber's shop near Orme-St.-Gervais. He was studying in the shop-window to see if he could "sneak" a cake of soap, which he might sell for a sou to a suburban hair-dresser.

He had often procured a meal by this process. He called this "shaving the barber."

While squinting at the soap, he snarled between his teeth:

"'Tuesday? It can't be Tuesday! Was it Tuesday? Well, it might be Tuesday. Yes, it was Tuesday!"

It may never be known on what this soliloquy turned. If by chance it bore on the last time he had dined, that would be three days back, as this day was Friday.

The capillary artist in his shop was shaving a customer, but he glanced, ever and anon, out at the enemy, —that frozen and impudent lad whose hands were in his pockets but whose wits were evidently out on the scent.

While the boy was examining the soap, two little children of unequal stature, nicely dressed, younger than Gavroche, being seven and five respectively, timidly turned the door-knob, and stumbled into the shop, asking for something or other—probably charity—in a plaintive murmur resembling a moan more than an entreaty. The barber bundled the pair out into the street, and slammed the door.

The two children resumed their walk, weeping. A cloud had thickened overhead, and it commenced to rain. Little Gavroche darted after them.

"What's the row with you young 'uns?" he challenged.

"We do not know where to go to bed," replied the elder.

"Is that all?" sneered Gavroche. "That's a heap to make a fuss about. Do fellows make a psalm of such a trifle as that? Are we chumps, or what are we, say?" Taking an accent of tender authority and gentle protection under his rather mocking superiority, he added: "You kids, come along o' me."

"Yes, sir," rejoined the elder boy.

The two followed him as they would an archbishop, and ceased to weep. Gavroche took them up St. Antoine

street toward the Bastile. On the way he splashed the mire on the boots of a passer.

"You clumsy cur!" cried the enraged dandy.

"Did the gentleman complain?" asked Gavroche. "Too late! The office closes at four sharp. Come round to-morrow after ten."

As they passed a bakery window, Gavroche turned round.

"Bubby, have you had any dinner lately?"

"We have had nothing to eat since some time this morning," replied the elder.

"Haven't you got any daddy or mammy?"

"Excuse me, sir, but we have both papa and mamma, although we do not know where to find them."

"We have lost the authors of our days, eh? We do not know what to do with our noble selves. This is not up to the mark, my lads."

Halting, he felt and searched for several minutes in all the nooks and corners he had in his tatters. At last he raised his head with the air of being more than satisfied—he was triumphant.

"Cheer up, kidlings. Here is the 'quivalent for supper for three!"

He had fished a sou out of his pocket, and now shoved his wards before him into the bakery, where he slapped the coin down on the counter, and called out:

"Boy, a sou's worth of soft 'tommy!'"

The "boy" was the master in person, who took up a loaf and his bread-knife.

"Just divvy it into three portions, boy; here are three customers."

Seeing that the baker, after scanning the trio, had taken up a stale loaf, he cocked his eye saucily at him, after winking it, and cried indignantly:

"Do you see anything verdant? No back numbers on this party—see? White superfine, boy; fresh, with the froth on. I am treating my pals to-day."

Unable to help smiling, the baker cut pieces from

another loaf, and considered them with a compassionate gaze.

"Halloo! Ho, dough-head! what is the matter with you, that you take our measure in this vulgar way?"

When the slice was cut up, Gavroche said to his two charges:

"Tuck it in!"

They stared at him, puzzled.

"Ha-ha-ha! that's so; they wouldn't be up to it, being still raw. Eat! Ram it down your muzzle."

The poor things were famished, and Gavroche no less.

Having eaten, they proceeded, still in the direction of the Bastile.

"What are you going to do now," ventured the larger boy.

"I am going to put you kids to doss."

"Where?"

"In my residence."

"What, do you reside somewhere?"

"You bet!"

"Whereabouts?"

"In the Elephant Hotel."

"In the Elephant?"

"Well, why not in the Elephant? What have you to say against that?"

The children had nothing to say, but followed Gavroche to the Bastile Square, where stood a prodigious skeleton of an idea of Napoleon's. It was an elephant forty feet high, built of woodwork and masonry, carrying a castle on his back as big as a house. Nobody knew what it stood for. It might be a symbol of popular power. It was gloomy, immense, and enigmatical. It was falling into ruin, and at every season plaster dropped off the sides and left ugly gaps. Gavroche lifted a long ladder, which was used during the day by the workmen in a neighboring lumberyard, and stood it up against one leg of the Elephant. About where the

top of the ladder rested a black patch could be seen.

"Go up an enter."

The little ones looked at each other, terrified.

"Are you scared, ducks? See here!"

He stepped upon the rough foot of the figure, and in a twinkling, without making use of the ladder, he glided like a serpent up to the orifice.

"Well, come along up, you cuckoos; you will soon see what a suggery it is. You, get a start on to you," he added, holding down his hand. "Get up! Don't be backward! Stick to it! That's the style! Put your hoof here—your paw here! Hearty does it! Nailed! Now, my nobby princelings, you are in my ancestral halls."

"It is dark," said the smaller boy, huddling up to the other.

"Are you putting on frills here? Are you getting your hump up at the 'commodations? Do you want the whole Tuileries Palace?"

He pushed them toward what may be termed the back of the chamber. Here was his bed. It was complete. Mattress, coverlet, and coarse gray wool blanket, all were covered with a brass wire netting.

"Down on your trotters, midgets! Now flop. I am going to dowse the candelabra."

"What is the wire netting for?" inquired the elder brother, tapping the wire.

"That's for the rats. Flop, will 'ee, and get under the blanket. I borrowed that from the monks—not the priests, but the monkeys at the park. What are you sniveling for now?" he demanded of the elder boy. "When it is a minnow like that, I would not 'kick,'" he pointed to the junior; "but for a big fellow like you to grizzle, it is unmanly."

"We are afraid to be out in the night time."

"Don't say the night time, but the darky. I am going to take care of you. You will see what fun we have. I will take you to the play. I get free passes, as I am 'in' with the actors. I once performed in a piece my-

self. We were a gang of boys who had to run up and down under a canvas to make waves in a sea. I will get you an engagement at my theatre."

Here a heavy peal of thunder made the children wail aloud.

"Keep cool, kittens. Don't upset the show. Now, that was A1 thunder, and no deception! And the lightning was the genuine XX. Gemini! That was nearly as good as some we did at the theatre! But, my young mortals, we must sleep; it is unhealthy not to take forty winks once in a while. Doss, I say, sleep!"

Scarcely were they quiet before a strange trembling began, making the netting quiver.

"What is that noise," asked the little one.

"Rats."

'What are rats?"

"Large mice."

"Why do you not keep a cat?"

"I did. I could not keep her long, though, for they ate her."

"Would the rats eat us?"

"Only too glad of the chance, but don't you be afeared. They can not get at us. Besides, I would show them what 'Rats!' means if they came where I was. Say, lay hold of my bunch-of-fives—here's my hand. Grip—keep mum, and doss."

The hours of the night passed. Darkness shrouded the whole of Bastile Square. While the police ferreted in doorways, nooks, holes and alleys, to rout out night-wanderers, they silently passed by the Elephant, and the monster, motionless, with its eyes open in the shade, as if satisfied with its good action, sheltered the three sleeping children from man and from the elements.

WOULD-BE PUPIL: Give me a recitation with a lot of elocution in it.

TEACHER: What do you mean?

WOULD-BE PUPIL: Lots of gestures. I am so nervous that I must keep my hands employed all the time if I wish to succeed.

PARDS.

EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

[By permission of the author and Messrs. Lee & Shepard, publishers.]

[Jim and Dick were two homeless boys, who, finding that they could meet the world better with forces combined than single-handed, decided to cast their lots together. They took possession of an old deserted house on the outskirts of the city, and with the money earned by doing odd jobs of various kinds managed to live in tolerable comfort. One day Jim, the gentler of the two boys, rescued a small dog from the violence of a larger one and thereby gained for himself the friendship of its owner, a warm-hearted little girl named Flossie. From that time he made frequent visits at her home, receiving from her not only numerous substantial favors, but many helpful suggestions as to honesty, politeness, and other virtues hitherto unknown to him. One evening, after a hard day spent in shoveling snow, the following conversation takes place between the two boys.]

"WOT'S the matter ailin' o' yer, pard? Be yer sick?"

Dick looked anxiously at Jim as he asked the question. The two boys were sitting at the little supper-table, on the middle of which stood a tin cup full of fresh oysters.

"When I brung them little critters home," he continued, pointing to the oysters, "I thunk as how we'd purty near have ter fight ter see which should eat the last one; an' here yer be, not a-tastin' one of 'em."

"I can't eat, pard," answered Jim. "'Pears zif I hain't hungry. I've got sich an achey feelin' here," laying one hand on his throat, "that it seems zif I couldn't swaller nohow."

Dick looked at his partner reflectively.

"Humph! It's one o' yer squallin' spells a-comin' on, I'll bet a cooky. Yer've got ter let up on them squallin' spells, as I've said afore."

"No, no, pard," began Jim, protestingly; but two big tears had gathered in his eyes, and the thin lips quivered pitifully.

Before he could guess his companion's intentions, Dick jumped upon him and bore him to the floor, being careful, however, not to hurt him.

"I 'spect yer've got ter die this time," he said, laughing, and rolling his dirty fist over Jim's face. "Yer kin beg fer mercy, but it won't do no good. Yer've got ter die, or swaller this here oyster 'thout stoppin' ter take a breath."

As he spoke, he reached for the tin cup, without loosing his hold on Jim, and, taking the largest oyster between his thumb and finger, held it to his partner's lips.

"Gulp it," he said, "afore I feel called on ter choke yer!"

"Oh, Dick—"

"Gulp it!"

"But, Dick, pard! let me up an'—"

"Gulp it!"

Dick really began to look as if he were in earnest, and Jim swallowed the oyster without another word. Dick reached for another, selecting the largest in the dish, and held that to Jim's mouth.

"Gulp!" he said, briefly.

Jim struggled to get up, but Dick held him so he could not move.

"Dick, yer ain't a-gettin' crazy, be yer?"

"Gulp!" said Dick, bearing a little more of his weight on his partner's chest.

Again Jim felt obliged to obey, and still another oyster was held to his lips, and with each feeble protestation Dick looked more ferocious. The queer performance was continued, until there were but three oysters left in the dish; then Dick arose to his feet and helped Jim up.

"Squawks an' gunny-mush! I hain't had sich stacks o' fun,—not never! I hain't, fer a fact. An' yer thunk as how I was a-gittin' crazy, an' yer—Oh, Jiminy crickets! I do b'lieve I'll bu'st!"

"But the oysters, pard?" said Jim, looking into the nearly empty cup. "Yer made me swaller all but three, an' yer hain't had a one."

"I'll bolt the rest. I wanted yer ter have 'em anyway. I brung 'em ter you, 'cause this is my birthday."

"Your what?"

"My birthday."

"What's that?"

"Waal, I can't say as I know, myself; not jist 'zactly. But a boy whose father I done some work fer ter-day had his birthday yesterday, so he telled me ter-day. He says as how everybody has 'em. He says I must 'a' had as many as twelve, an' I 'lowed I had. Yer see, pard, it's jist this here way: That there boy seemed mighty s'prised 'cause I didn't know as how I'd been a-havin' birthdays by the dozen, an' so I says, kinder 'portant: 'I knowed I had birthdays, but I thunk I'd see jist how bad I could fool yer.'"

"What did he say ter that?"

"He asked me when I was a-goin' ter have my next one, an' I said, 'Ter-morrer.' Then he telled me about his, an' what a lot o' good things he had ter eat. Then I buyed the oysters."

"Yes, an' I et 'em."

"Waal, that's all right. I'll eat yourn when yer have a birthday."

"When be I a-goin' ter have a birthday, pard?"

"Purty soon now; jist as soon as we kin 'ford ter buy more oysters. Now tell me what made yer look so slimpsy an' snivelin' jist afore I choked yer!"

"Nothin'."

"Pard, if I have ter wrastle with yer ag'in, it'll mean business next time. There won't be much left o' yer when I git through, by cracky gun-wad!"

Jim laughed a little.

"'Twa'n't nothin' much, pard," he said, "hope ter die if 'twas; but—"

Dick started toward him.

"I'll tell yer, Dick," he added, hastily. "Don't let's play any more jist now. I'm that tired an' achey that I can't."

"Poor pard! I keep fergettin' as how I ain't like yer. Spit out yer yarn, an' I'll sit as still zif I was nailed ter this here box."

"Waal, yer see—pard, I can't tell it; I don't know how."

"Let her fly!"

"Waal, yer see—pard, it's jist nothin'! "

"Let her fly! "

"Do yer know that cove what lives in a leetle white house on Hennepin Avenue? "

"I've seed him."

"I done some work fer that man. He guv me a quarter. He thunk 'twasn't more'n a nickle."

"Bully fer you, pard! We'll have yer birthday termorrer! "

"But, Dick! "

There was a long pause, and Dick became impatient.

"What, pard? I kin hear jist as well now as I kin next week."

Jim cleared his throat, and his face grew very red.

"Flossie, she said, as how I didn't ought ter keep it. She said—"

"Who cares what she said? "

"I do, pard. I don't s'pose I ought ter—"

"That settles the hash," answered Dick. "If yer care, I hain't got nothin' more ter say."

"Be yer mad, pard? " asked Jim, timidly.

"No. What did that gal want yer ter do? Git down on yer knees an' ask the old cove's parding? "

"She—she thunk—as how I'd—I'd ought ter—take it back an' tell him."

"She did, did she? Waal, she's cheeky. That's all I got ter say 'bout her."

"Dick, don't yer want me ter take it back? "

"Course not."

"Waal, I won't do it if yer don't want me ter."

It was growing late, and the two boys went to bed, but neither one could get to sleep.

Finally Dick turned over so as to face Jim, and touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Pard! Be yer sleepin'?"

"No."

"I've been thinkin', pard, that yer'd better git that cove's money back ter him purty early in the mornin'."

"What!"

"I've said what, an' yer heard. I ain't a-goin' ter holler. That money hain't ourn. What's more, if yer ever keeps any more what a feller guvs yer when he don't know it, I'll—I'll—waal, I don't know what I'll do, but somethin' awful. I ain't a-goin' ter do it any more, an' you sha'n't."

The next morning, when the boys separated to take their different ways to their work for the day, Dick said, sternly:

"'Member 'bout that there money, pard. Knock the old cove down if yer can't make him take it any other way."

"Yer bet I will," answered Jim, as confidently as if the gentleman in question did not weigh over a hundred pounds more than he did.

Jim made the returning of the money his first duty. The gentleman was just out of bed when he rang the door-bell.

"Tell him to come in here; it is too cold for me to go to the door;" and in another moment Jim stood before him. "Well, my lad, what will you have?"

"I've got some chink what b'longs ter you!" and Jim laid four five-cent pieces on the table.

"Why do they belong to me?" asked the gentleman.

"Yer guv me a quarter yesterday when I shoveled snow off the walk; yer thunk 'twas a nickel. Couldn't anybody fool me that there way. Yer ought ter keep yer eyes peeled, or yer'll lose every cent yer've got."

"That's so. I'll try to remember. But how did you happen to bring this money to-day? Why didn't you tell me of my mistake yesterday?"

Jim hesitated, before replying.

"Yisterday—yisterday, I thunk as how I'd clean yer out o' the last darned cent; but ter-day hain't yisterday. I've got ter go now."

"Wait a minute, my boy. Here, take the money; I don't want it. You may have it to help you remember—"

"No, no, no! Please, sir, I don't want it. But I was thinkin' that mebbe yer would write somethin' ter show that I'd been here an' give yer that money back. I'd like ter show it ter somebody."

"Why, of course I will;" and the gentleman went to his desk, returning in a moment with a paper in his hands.

"Is it did?"

"Yes."

"Do yer s'pose as how anybody kin read it? Yer done it blamed quick, an' it looks—it looks purty scratchy—it do, fer a fact!"

"I'll warrant it. You take it along, and if it isn't all right I'll give you five cents when you come again."

Jim put the note in his cap and started on a run toward Flossie's house. His eyes were large and shining with excitement, and his thin hands trembled a lit tle, ten minutes later, when he took the note from his cap, and handed it to Flossie.

"Read it," he said, "that is, if yer know how ter read writin';" and Flossie obeyed.

"I write this to prove that this boy has paid me back my money.

"STUART ELDER."

"Yep! That's it! I was feared as how yer couldn't read that feller's scratchin', 'cause it didn't take him no time ter do it. He's a reg'lar race-horse at writin'!"

Flossie went to him quickly, and laid one little white hand on his shoulder.

"You're awfully nice inside of you, Jim," she said. "I'm sure that if you try you can be just as nice outside as you are inside, and then you'll be a perfect gentleman."

"By the holy horn-spoon, I'll have ter scoot or I won't make no money 'tall ter-day."

THE WEATHER BUREAU.

SHE had lingered long by the window-pane,
And watched with her childish, impatient eyes
The countless drops of the beating rain,
And the leaden, relentless skies.

At length, when the weary day was done,
She told her thoughts, in the twilight gray:
"You know there's a bureau at Washington
Where the weather is stowed away;

"And when it's so stormy and cold and wet,
I wonder what they are thinking about
Not to open some other drawer, and get
A different weather out."

"HANGIN' ON."

FRANK L. STANTON.

I'VE been goin' thar—le's see:
'Bout a year—or more—an' she
'Pears to think a heap of me
(Says so, when I'm gone!),
But—I'll jest make free to say—
Though my mind runs that away,
Jest won't name the weddin'-day!
So, I'm hangin' on.

Talk of this, an' talk of that—
'Bout the ribbons on her hat;
I'm on good terms with the cat
(Mews when I am gone!),
But—I'll jest make free to say—
Though I strokes it ever' way,
Cat don't know the weddin'-day.
So, I'm hangin' on.

Somehow they ain't any skies
Bright to me as them brown eyes,
Lookin' up as sweet an' wise.
(Miss 'em when they're gone.)
An' that little hand—as white
As a snowflake in the night—
Fits into my own jest right.
So, I'm hangin' on.

Dunno jest how long 'twill be
'Fore the red lips speak fer me
Jest the sweetest word could be!
Time will soon be gone.
But 'most any day, I'll state,
You kin hear me clink the gate.
Comes to "waitin'," I kin wait!
So, I'm hangin' on.

THE BUILDING OF THE BARN.

CHARLES D. BINGHAM.

[By permission of the author.]

YOU'RE going to build a new barn,
And tear the old one down,
And you have now the plans, John,
Made by a man in town.

The old log barn has got too small
To hold the crops you grow;
But, John, I love each mossy wall
We built so long ago.

It takes me back again, John,
To when you first wed me;
When we moved on our farm, John,
'Way back in forty-three;
When all you had to start in life
Was your good axe of steel,
Your team of horses and your wife,
Some wheat and corn and meal.

'Twas then the trees fell fast, John,
And soon a place was cleared.
E'er many days were passed, John,
A home we soon had reared.
How proud was I when first we ate
Our humble meal at home!
I envied not a queen in state,
Of lofty palace dome.

We planned the old log barn, John,
When all the night was still,
In our rude home beneath the trees,
Where sang the whip-poor-will.
How echoes rang from hill to dell,
How fast your axe did fly,
As one by one the pine-trees fell,
While gay and blithe was I!

And when you needed help, John,
To roll the logs in place,
I lent my strength, and then, John,
You kissed my happy face.
How proudly did we raise those walls,
With roof and door and mow;
'Twas soon our horses had their stalls,
With one for Bess the cow.

And when our Tom was born, John,
To comfort you and me,
How often in the old barn
I've heard his laugh of glee;
As high upon a load of wheat
I'd toss him to your side;
'Twas then my life was all complete,
My heart was satisfied.

Our fields have grown broad, John;
Our children now are four;
The Lord has prospered you and me,
With plenty in our store;
Your raven hair is streaked with snow,
While toil has marked your brow;
The old log barn, built long ago,—
We must not part with now.

You'll let it stand for me, John;
Your wife now pleads to-day,
And though we build the new barn,
You'll let the old one stay.
'Tis homely and 'tis rough, beside,
And storms have turned it brown;
We built it when I was your bride,—
Don't tear the log barn down.

ONE afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church, approached a man of gloomy aspect who was standing near the entrance and asked:

"Is this funeral?"

"Funeral? No," was the sepulchral answer, "it's a wedding."

"Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your serious look that you might be a hired mourner."

"No," returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes, "I'm a son-in-law of the bride s mother."

WHICH GENERAL?

KATE W. HAMILTON.

[By permission of the author.]

SOMETIMES mamma calls me "general;"
I wish I knew which one.
But I always try to tell the truth,
So I *hope* it's Washington.

But when I tell my papa that,
He laughs loud as he can,
And says if she calls me "general"
She must mean Sheridan;

Because whenever she wants me,
And I am out at play,
I nearly always seem to be
'Bout "twenty miles away."

MT. PISGAH'S CHRISTMAS 'POSSUM.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

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NO more happy expedient for raising the revenues of the church could have been found than that which was evolved by the fecund brain of the Reverend Isaiah Johnson. Mr. Johnson was wise in his day and generation. He knew his people, their thoughts and their appetites, their loves and their prejudices. Also he knew the way to their hearts and their pocketbooks.

As far ahead as the Sunday two weeks before Christmas, he had made the announcement that had put the congregation of Mt. Pisgah Church into a flurry of anticipatory excitement.

"Brothahs an' sistahs," he had said, "you all reckernizes, ez well ez I does, dat de revenues of dis hyeah chu'ch ain't whut dey ought to be. De chu'ch, I is so'y to say, is in debt. We has a mo'gage on ouah buildin', an' besides de int'rus' on dat, we has fuel to buy an' lightin' to do. Fu'thahmo', we ain't paid de sexton but twenty-five cents on his salary in de las' six months. In conserquence of de same, de dus' is so thick on de benches dat ef you'd jes' lay a clof ovah dem, dey'd be same ez upholstahed fu'niture. Now, in o'dah to mitigate dis condition of affairs, yo' pastoh has fo'med a plan which he wishes to p'nounce dis mo'nin' in yo' hyeahin' an' to ax yo' 'proval. You all knows dat Chris'mus is 'proachin', an' I reckon dat you is all plannin' out yo' Chris'mus dinnahs. But I been a-plannin' fu' you when you was asleep, an' my idee is dis,—all of you give up yo' Chris'mus dinnahs, tek fifteen cents er a qua'tah apiece an' come hyeah to chu'ch an' have a 'possum dinnah."

"Amen!" shouted one delighted old man over in the corner, and the whole congregation was all smiles and acquiescent nods.

"I puceive on de pa't of de cong'egation a disposition to approve of de pastoh's plan."

"Yes, yes, indeed," was echoed on all sides.

"Well, den I will jes' tek occasion to say fu'thah dat I already has de 'possums,—fo' of de fattes' animals I reckon you evah seen in all yo' bo'n days, an' I's gwine to tu'n 'em ovah to Brothah Jabez Holly to tek keer of dem an' fatten 'em wuss ag'in de happy day."

The eyes of Jabez Holly shone with pride at the importance of the commission assigned to him. He showed his teeth in a broad smile as he whispered to his neighbor, 'Lishy Davis: "I 'low when I gits thoo wif dem 'possums dey won't be able to waddle;" and 'Lishy slapped his knee and bent double with appreciation.

It was a happy and excited congregation that filed out of Mt. Pisgah Church that Sunday morning, and how

they chattered! Little knots and clusters of them, with their heads together in deep converse, were gathered all about, and all the talk was of the coming dinner. This, as has already been said, was the Sunday two weeks before Christmas. On the Sunday following, the shrewd, not to say wily, Mr. Johnson delivered a stirring sermon from the text, "He prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies," and not one of his hearers but pictured the Psalmist and his brethren sitting at a 'possum feast with the congregation of a rival church looking enviously on. After the service that day, even the minister sank into insignificance beside his steward, Jabez Holly, the custodian of the 'possums. He was the most sought man on the ground.

"How dem 'possums comin' on?" asked one.

"Comin' on!" replied Jabez. "'Comin' on' ain't no name fu' it. Why, I tell you, dem animals is jes' a-waddlin' a'ready."

"O-o-mm!" groaned a hearer. "Chris'mus do seem slow a-comin' dis yeah."

"Why, man," Jabez went on, "it 'u'd mek you downright hongry to see one o' dem critters. Evah time I looks at 'em I kin jes' see de grease a-drippin' in de pan, an' dat skin all brown an' crispy, an' de smell a-risin' up—"

"Heish up, man!" exclaimed the other; "ef you don't, I'll drap daid befo' de time comes."

"Huh-uh! no, you won't; you know dat day's wuf livin' fu'. Brothah Jackson, how'd yo' crap o' sweet pertaters tu'n out dis yeah?"

"Fine, fine! I's got dem mos' plenteous in my cellah."

"Well, don't eat 'em too fas' in de nex' week, 'ca'se we 'spects to call on you fu' some o' yo' bes'. You know dem big sweet pertaters, cut right in two and laid all erroun' de pan, teks up lots of de riches' grease when ol' Mistah 'Possum git too wa'm in de oven an' git to sweatin' it out."

"Have mercy!" exclaimed the impressionable one. "I know ef I don't git erway f'om dis chu'ch do' right now, I'll be foun' hyeah on Chris'mus day wif my mouf wide open."

But he did not stay there until Christmas morning, though he arrived on that momentous day bright and early like most of the rest. Half the womed of the church had volunteered to help cook the feast, and the other half were there to see it done right; so by the time for operations to commence, nearly all of Mt. Pisgah's congregation was assembled within its chapel walls. And what laughing and joking there was!

"O-omph!" exclaimed Sister Green, "I see Brothah Bill Jones' mouf is jes' sot fu' 'possum now."

"Yes, indeed, Sis' Green; hit jes' de same's a trap an' gwine to spring ez soon ez dey any 'possum in sight."

"Hyah, hyah, you ain't de on'iest one in dat fix, Brothah Jones; I see some mo' people roun' hyeah lookin' mighty 'spectious."

"Yes, an' I's one of 'em," said someone else. "I do wish Jabez Holly 'u'd come on, my mouf's jest p'intly worterin'."

"Let's sen' a c'mmittee aftah him; dat'll be a joke."

This idea was taken up, and with much merriment the committee was despatched to find and bring in the delinquent Jabez.

Everyone who has ever cooked a 'possum knows that the animal must be killed the day before and hung out of doors over night to freeze "de wil' tas'e outen him." This duty had been intrusted to Jabez, and shouts of joy went up from the assembled people when he appeared, followed by the committee and bearing a bag on his shoulder. He set the bag on the floor, and as the crowd closed round him, he put his arm far down into it, and drew forth by the tail a beautiful, white, fat, cleaned 'possum.

"O-om, jes' look at dat! Ain't dat a 'possum fu' you? Go on, Brothah Jabez, let's see anothah."

Jabez hesitated.

"Dat's one 'possum dah, ain't it?" he said.

"Yes, yes, go on, let's see de res'."

Those on the inside of the circle were looking hard at Jabez.

"Now, dat's one 'possum," he repeated.

"Yes, yes, co'se it is."

There was breathless expectancy.

"Well, dat's all dey is."

The statement fell like a thunderclap. No one found voice till the Reverend Isaiah Johnson broke in with:

"Wha', what dat you say, Jabez Holly?"

"I say dat's all de 'possum dey is; dat's what I say."

"Whah's dem othah 'possums, huh? Whah's de res'?"

"I put 'em out to freeze las' night, an' de dogs got 'em."

A groan went up from the disappointed souls of Mt. Pisgah. But the minister went on:

"Whah'd you hang dem?"

"Up ag'in' de side o' de house."

"How'd de dogs git 'em dah?"

"Mebbe it mout 'a' been cats."

"Why didn't dey git dat un?"

"Why, why—'ca'se—'ca'se—Oh, don't questun me, man. I want you to know dat I's a honer'ble man."

"Jabez Holly," said the minister, impressively, "don't lie hyeah in de sanctua'y. I see 'possum grease on yo' mouf."

Jabez unconsciously gave his lips a wipe with his sleeve.

"On my mouf, on my mouf!" he exclaimed. "Don't you say you see no 'possum grease on my mouf! I mek you prove it. I's a honer'ble man, I is. Don't you 'cuse me of nuffin'!"

Murmurs had begun to arise from the crowd, and they had begun to press in upon the accused.

"Don't crowd me!" he cried, his eyes bulging, for he saw in the faces about him the energy of attack, which should have been directed against the 'possum, all turned upon him. "I didn't eat yo' ol' 'possum; I do' lak 'possum nohow."

"Hang him," said someone, and the murmur rose louder, as the culprit began to be hustled. But the preacher's voice rose above the storm.

"Ca'm yo'se'ves, my brethren," he said; "let us thank de Lawd dat one 'possum remains unto us. Brothah Holly has been put undah a gre't temptation, an' we believe dat he has fell; but it is a jedgment. I ought to knowed bettah dan to 'a' trusted any colo'ed man wif fo' 'possums. Let us not be ha'd upon de sinnah. We mus' not be violent, but I tu'ns dis assembly into a chu'ch meetin' of de brothahs to set on Brothah Holly's case. In de mean time, de sistahs will prepah de remainin' 'possum."

The church meeting promptly found Brother Holly guilty of having betrayed his trust, and expelled him in disgrace from fellowship with Mt. Pisgah Church.

The excellence of the one 'possum which the women prepared only fed their angry feelings, as it suggested what the whole four would have been; but the hungry men, women, and children who had foregone their Christmas dinners at home ate as cheerfully as possible, and when Mt. Pisgah's congregation went home that day, salt pork was in great demand to fill out the void left by the meagre fare of Christmas 'possum.

ENTHUSIASM is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is that she is a kind deceiver and an obliging flatterer.

LITTLE HIGHLAND SHEPHERDESS.

LILLA VANNAN.

A Costume Recitation Introducing the Highland Dance.

AMONG the merry little children,
In bonnie Scotland dear,
Dwelt one, a gentle little maiden,
Of nine and one more year;
And here among the Highlands,
Watched she day by day,
From out some shady nook,
Her sheep and lambs at play.

"Good morrow, little shepherdess!"
"Good morrow, sir," said she,
A smile o'erspreading lip and brow,
As light she bent the knee.
"And how are all your lambkins—
Spotty, Fleece, and Snow?"
"Oh, well," she answered, gaily;
"See! see! they browse below."

And as she pointed downward
With her pretty shepherd staff,
She clapped her hands in very joy,
And laughed a merry laugh.
For there were Spotty, Fleece, and Snow,
Skipping, jumping, prancing;
And there, upon the greensward, she
Betook herself to dancing.

[*Dance introduced here and partly danced at the close of recitation. Finish with the remaining figures of dance.*]

Ah! ten more years, my little maiden,
Will make thy step more slow;

A woman's heart will therein throb,
And deeper truths shall know;
And three times ten will bear thee
Where summer's glow doth wane,
And afar thou wilt see the shadows
And the feeling of coming pain.

Then dance, my little maiden,
While youth and hope are thine,
For sorrow comes but all too soon
To hearts like yours and mine.
And so, she tripped it lightly
To the music of her heart,
And I watched from out life's shadows
The hopes which youth impart.

WASHINGTON'S KISS.

ANNIE S. DOWNS.

[When General Washington visited Andover, Mass., in November, 1789, he breakfasted at the tavern of Deacon Isaac Abbot. As he was leaving, he saw a rip in his glove. He asked Priscilla Abbot, then a young girl, to mend it. Taking it from her when it was finished, he gave her a kiss in return.—*Bailey's "Sketches of Andover."*]

THRONGED were the streets of Andover town,
On that morning of long ago,
And swift was the riding up and down,
And the galloping to and fro.
The judge was there in his stately wig,
The parson in rustling gown,
And the parish doctor in brand-new rig,
Huzzaed for the brave old town.

"Huzza! huzza! there's the tattered flag
We carried at Bunker Hill!"
How the old eyes shine and the old heads wag,
As over the distant hill,

With drum and fife and in brave array,
The scholars of Phillips School
Escorted the veterans old and gray,
Who had shaken the British rule.

At last, in the distance, a dusty cloud,
A sound as of horses' feet,
But they never moved, and they spoke not loud,
And they heard their own hearts beat.
Then a forward rush, and a mighty cheer,
And a boom of the Yorktown gun,
As across the plain, to their old eyes clear,
Rode the general—Washington.

He was tall of figure and grand of face,
With an eye which was deep and blue,
And an air which told that he came from race
Who to freedom and God were true,
And they rent the air with their joyful shout,
With their cries of "Welcome! Hail!"
He had cheered them often in storm and rout,
Unchanged, when their cheeks were pale.

They pressed up close to his bridle rein,
They touched his extended hand.
He had shared their hunger, their cold, their pain,
And the strife of their anguished land.
His homeliest wishes for shelter and food
They served with the tenderest care.
The wise and the simple, the gentle and rude,
All had in his welcome a share.

Still, they served him not upon bended knee,
As serfs did their lords of yore;
They gave him the homage of men who were free,
And the love of their hearts' deep core.
That he praised our town we nowhere read,
Though he called Pentucket fair,
And he did not say that in word or deed
He thought we were rich or rare.

But he left a token of favoring grace
To a maiden of Andover town,
A maid who sprang from an ancient race,
And a name of good renown.
An honored guest in her father's inn,
He was turning to leave the door,
When he found in his riding-glove of tan
A rent never seen before.

And, looking surprised, he caught her smile.
"You knew it, I think," he said.
"That you will mend it, I am almost sure,
For you have needle and thread."
Then, drawing the glove from his shapely hand,
He watched, as with stitches neat
She fastened together the loosened seam,
Her fingers slender and fleet.

She finished her task; a little she paused;
Then handed it, courtesying low;
But, bowing and smiling, he left a kiss
On her mantling cheek and brow.
Then with flag and drum he was swept away
To the mansion upon the hill,
And they laughed at the maiden for many a day,
Because she was grave and still.

'Tis a pleasant tale, and a century now
Since the courtly kiss was given.
The maid and the chief in their graves sleep low;
Their souls, we hope, are in heaven.
Nothing I know of the maiden's life,
If she had husband or son.
What matters its joys, its peace, its strife?
She was kissed by Washington!

To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne pepper, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

THE UNDER-PREFECT.

Translated from the French.

MONSIEUR the Under-Prefect is on his rounds. Coachman in front, lackey behind, the carriage of the Under-Prefecture carries him majestically to the county fair at the Combe-aux-Fées. For this memorable journey Monsieur the Under-Prefect has donned his beautiful embroidered coat, his little opera-hat, his tight knickerbockers with silver bands, and his gala sword with its hilt of mother-of-pearl. On his knees rests a large portfolio made of gauffered shagreen leather, at which he looks sadly.

Monsieur the Under-Prefect looks sadly at his portfolio. He thinks of the famous speech which he will have to deliver directly before the inhabitants of Combe-aux-Fées.

"Messieurs and Dear Constituents—" But it does not matter that he twists the blonde silk of his whiskers and repeats twenty times: "Messieurs and Dear Constituents—" The rest of the discourse does not come. It is so warm in this carriage. Out of sight the road to Combe-aux-Fées is in powder under the sun at its zenith. The air is in a blaze, and on the trees that line the way, covered with white dust, thousands of cicadas sing to one another.

Suddenly Monsieur the Under-Prefect starts. Over there, at the foot of a hillock, he has perceived a little group of oaks that seem to signal to him:

"Come this way, Monsieur the Under-Prefect; to compose your speech you shall be more at ease under my trees."

Monsieur the Under-Prefect is seduced. He jumps from his carriage and tells his servants to wait for him, that he is going to write his speech in the little group of green oaks.

In the little group of oaks there are birds, violets, and springs under the soft grass. When they see Monsieur the Under-Prefect with his handsome knickerbockers and his portfolio made of gauffered shagreen leather, the birds were frightened and ceased singing, the springs dare no longer to murmur, the violets hide themselves in the lawn. This little world has never seen an under-prefect, and asks itself in a low voice who this handsome lord is who walks out in silver knickerbockers.

During this time, Monsieur the Under-Prefect, charmed with the silence and the freshness of the wood, lifts the tails of his coat, places his opera-hat on the grass, and seats himself in the moss at the foot of a young oak. Then he opens on his knees his portfolio and takes from it a large leaf of diplomatic paper.

"It's an artist," said a lark.

"No," said the bobolink, "it isn't an artist, since he wears silver knickerbockers; it's rather a prince."

"Neither an artist nor a prince," interrupted an old nightingale that had sung for a whole season in the gardens of the Under-Prefecture. "I know what it is; it is an under-prefect."

And the little wood murmurs: "It is an under-prefect, an under-prefect!"

"How bald he is!" remarks a lark with a high comb.

The violets ask: "Is he wicked?"

The old nightingale replies: "Not at all."

On this assurance, the birds began to sing again, the springs to run, the violets to be fragrant, as if the Monsieur were not there. Impassible in the midst of all this noise, Monsieur the Under-Prefect invokes in his heart the Muse of Agricultural County Fairs, and, his pencil in the air, begins to declaim with his voice of ceremony: "Messieurs and Dear Constituents—"

His environment incessantly interrupts him with interjections as "To what good?" and "Monsieur the

Under-Prefect, do you smell the fragrance of the violets?"

An hour after, the constituents of Monsieur the Under-Prefect found him in the little wood, writing verses.

A UNION.

KATHARINE EGGLESTON JUNKERMANN.

ONCE when the world was younger than now,
Ere yet Time's hand had crossed her brow,
On her hills there wandered and played with the breeze
That tossed her curls and sang in the trees,
A maiden whose voice was sweeter than dreams,
Whose hair more golden than the sun's beams.
'Twas she who sang when breezes blew,
And wakened the echoes each day anew.
She whispered and hummed when the raindrops fell,
And laughed with the brooks in each flowery dell.
She sang with the stars and the ocean, too,
And coaxed each tiny bud that grew—
And this maiden's name was Voice.

In a dark cavern beneath a high mount,
So still that one each moment might count,
Dwelt a man on whose comely but stern-looking face
Not a sign of a smile could one ever trace.
In his caves where the ferns and the bulrushes grew,
And where no soft, whispering zephyrs ever blew,
He sat and mused on the deepest things,
And drew big squares and magical rings;
But no sound ever came from those perfect lips
That drank where the water of wisdom drips.
Silent as death, still as the grave,
He sat and dreamed in his fern-festooned cave—
And this man was Thought.

Once when Voice had tired of play,
She slipped on the wings of Zephyr away.
She sang so soft as he softly blew,
And deeper and deeper the silence grew,
Except for her sweet and soothing song,
As they went through the dusky cavern along.
Never before had they ventured here,
But Voice's light heart knew no fear;
She but sang the sweeter, and the gloomy old rocks
From their stern lips lost the locks,
As she kissed them and tossed her fair curls,
Till they ceased to be such dull old churls.

At length to the cavern of Thought they came
And saw within the student's pale flame,
And felt the silence, so still and deep,
When Voice, of course, began to peep.
She saw the dark and comely face;
She saw the lines that deep thoughts trace.
Then—the naughty creatures!—she laughed out clear,
And the strange, sweet sound fell on Thought's dull ear.
Then the noiseless waters of Wisdom's stream
Seemed to wake right up from their solemn dream,
And babbled and gushed like silly girls,
And curled themselves like Voice's curls.
Then the little ferns began to nod,
And the grass to sing in the silent sod,
And the owl to hoot and fly about—
And the very cavern seemed to shout.

And Thought? He turned in vague surprise,
The cobweb of dreams still over his eyes,
Till he saw the fairy, dainty maiden,
Her flowing locks with wild flowers laden,
Her red lips smiling, her cheeks aglow—
Ah, well! you guess the rest, I know.
Then into the world of warmth and light,
Voice lead dull Thought with her laughter bright;

And he learned to read 'neath the sun's bright beams
Such wisdom as never had come in his dreams.
And out of this union of Voice and Thought—
These mystical lives together brought—
Sprang that wonder of wonders, the great world's glory,
That marvelous thing called "Oratory."

SILLY BILLY.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

HE was the biggest fool on earth, and looked it, too!
No matter what the title's worth, it was his due.
His legs turned out, his toes turned in,
He had a silly sort o' grin
When he'd look up and deown ag'in,
Had Silly Billy.

He had the slowest Yankee drawl yo' ever heard;
But gained some culture with it all; was Boston reared;
With most approved æsthetic diction.
A lie he called "evasive fiction;"
And quarreling was "mental friction"
To Silly Billy.

With scorn he termed our common speech "linguistic stuff,"
As though what pretty schoolma'ams teach wa'n't good enough.
Plain food was "sustenance for lunching;"
While sweets were "most delicious crunching,'
And chewing-gum was "female munching"
To Silly Billy.

His trousers, ragged at the knees, were "incomplete."
His "terminal facilities" he called his feet.
He grew "leg-weary" when he walked,

And quite Delsartian when he talked;
Though people laughed, they never mocked
Poor Silly Billy.

The Widow Farnham's little one loved Billy so
That people teased her, just in fun, about her beau.
"I doesn't care," said little Tot,
"Whezzer oo loves him or not;
He's all the sweetheart I has dot,
Is Tilly Billy."

Though living on the public care, he worked his way,
And was most welcome everywhere; but little May
He called his "sunbeam cherubim,"
And often would his eyes grow dim
To hear her lispingly call him
Her "Tilly Billy."

Was honest, faithful, good and kind—as most fools are;
And one could trust his silly mind, however far.
One morn Tot's mother heard her say—
As was her custom every day—
"I dess I'll run outdoors an' play
Wiv Tilly Billy!"

She couldn't find him anywhere; and, coming back,
She stopped to play with pebbles there upon the track—
Right where the train comes down the grade,—
That great monopoly of trade.
Yet no one sees the little maid.
Where's Silly Billy?

Just as the train came dashing by from yonder curve,
Just as they heard the mother's cry, something with nerve,
Something with soul and a face so pale,
Plunged right before the flying mail,
Pushing the tot beyond the rail—
Was't Silly Billy?

A rumbling rush! Through dust and smoke that mother
flew!
She laughed and cried; while no one spoke. Then
laughed anew;
For there her little darling sat,
Playing with a tattered hat;
Then cried again on seeing that—
For it was Billy's!

What can a little baby know of life or death?
"Who hurt my Tilly Billy so? He's lost hes breath."
To die for her—heroic thought
By sudden inspiration caught!
And 'neath the modern Juggernaut
Lay Silly Billy.

Whoever for another dies the utmost gives.
The spirit such death sanctifies forever lives.
That Golden Gate flew open wide
To welcome that great soul inside;
'Twas nothing but the fool that died,
Called "Silly Billy."

FOREIGNERS AT THE FAIR.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

SAID the Englishman: "W'at's all this bloomin'
wow?
An' w'ere is Chicago, anyhow?
I've 'eard abeout yo'r Columbian show;
An' abeout yo'r Columbus, don' cher know!
The Prince infawmed me that 'e was the cove
Who discovahd yo'r blawsted ceountry, bah Jove!
An' cwossed the wahtaw, His 'Ighness tells,
In three little chocolate *caramels!*"

Then Italy spoke: "Greata beega show!
I sella da banan', catch da mon' to go!
I tella da peopl' I wasa descend
From Colombo; dey scratcha da nose on da end!
Mah Christof Colomb' was a greata man:
He discova da world for d' American.
But dey draga to preeson, chaina lika da dog,
When Isabella find out he discova Chicag'!"

"Hoot lad! I'm fra Scootlan', but canna find oot,
Fra yer garlicy tongue what ye're ta'kin' about!
Ef ye canna speak English, an' speak withoot flaw,
As I do mysel', dinna spak it at a'!
Ye'll not mak' musicians by turnin' a crank,
Till ye learn on the bagpipe ye'll niver tak' rank.
To discoover the counthree, Columbus did well,
But ye're sp'ilin' it a' comin' over yersel'!"

"Wall, I'm from the wild an' the woolly West;
An' thar's jist one thing I wanter suggest;
That yo' call this yar the Chicago Fair,
An' no the Corlumbian! Neow take care!
Fur this is the biggest city on earth,
Ef yo' take it in height, er take it in girth;
We're growin' so fast we've got ter make
A petition that Providence move the lake."

"You vas beat the veorld!" said the traveling Jew;
"You vas on der beat—I vas onto you!
You calls it the 'Vindy Cidy,' I know,
Because der beoble vas on der blow.
Der greatest cidy for hogs un porok!
Dat's vy der Hebrew remains in Ny-Yorok.
I discover dis fact ven I pays my bill—
You vas keep some hogs vich you neffer kill!"

"It's wuth a heap, stranger, 'twixt me an' yeou,
A-gittin' the best of a New York Jew!
We've got the push, an' we've got the go;
An' we're showin' New York how a city should grow.

We taught them dude Knickerbockers a trick
By gittin' the Fair, an' a-gittin' 'er slick;
An' a-bringin' 'er up to the present stage
'Twas the greatest feat of the modern age!"

Said Patrick: "I've heard all about yer big feet!
But Oi'll not mintion that ef ye'll promise to treat!
They charged me fur wather out here at the Fair;
Oi've been howldin' me breath lest they charge me fur air.
But why they should wish to be fillin' the land
Wid those half-grown Oitalians, I can't understhand.
They discovered the counthry at others' expinse;
But they niver discovered a single thing since."

"You'll excuse me, Cunnel, ef I use my mouf,
I'se a cullud gemman fum away down Souf.
I was nuffin' but a niggah befo' de wah;
But now I rides in de palace caw!
Who says Marse C'lumbus done 'scovah dees earf?
Don' yo know dey was Injuns heah on de turf,
Jes' a-raisin' terbac' an' de Injun cawn,
Long befo' Marse C'lumbus he gwine to be bawn."

"I'm ze French zgentlemon'! I come ovair to see
Ze Fair, an' ze statue of French Libairtee:
I ask ze bronze Lady, weez smile debonnair,
Vich enlighten ze voorld an' ze way to ze Fair,
How she like ze great peopal? Vair well, but, she say,
I turn black in ze face try to speak ze Englais!
Mon Dieu! what a countree zees would have become
Ef discovair by Frenchman instead of Colomb'!"

"Me heap sabe you! You heap sabe me,
Me Melican-citizen-heathen-Chinee:
Me heap sabe C'lumbus; him velly smart man—
No sabe lay egg—heap sabe makee stan'.
Heap sabe George Washman; him velly lenoun';
No likee climb chelly tlee, heap cut 'em down.
Me allee same 'Washman,' him 'Georgee,' me 'John,'
Him tellee no lie, gottee pigtail on."

THE DEAD PUSSY-CAT.

YOU'S as stiff an' as cold as a stone,
Little cat!
Dey's done frowed out an' left you alone,
Little cat!
I's a-strokin' you's fur
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little cat!
W'y is dat?
Is you's purrin' an' humpin'-up done?

An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pisen you's tummick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big nasty sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?
Tell me dat.
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh! w'y didn't you wun off an' hide,
Little cat?
I is wet in my eyes—
'Cause I most always cwise
W'en a pussy-cat dies,
Little cat,
Tink of dat—
An' I's awfully solly, besides!

Dest lay still dere, down in de sof' gwown,
Little cat!

W'ile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun,
Little cat.
Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you's tired an' so sore;
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
An' fordet all de kicks of de town.

L'ANGE QUI VEILLE.

VICTOR HUGO.

DANS l'alcove sombre,
Près d'un humble autel,
L'enfant dort à l'ombre
Du lit maternal.
Tandis qu'il repose
Sa paupière rose
Pour la terre close
S'ouvre pour le ciel.

Il fait bien des rêves
Il voit par moments
Le sable des grèves
Plein de diamants
Des soleils de flammes,
Et de belles dames
Qui portent des âmes
Dans leurs bras charmants.

Songe qui l'enchante!
Il voit des ruisseaux.
Une voix qui chante
Sort du fond des eaux.
Les sœurs sont plus belles,
Son père est pres d'elles,

Sa mère à des ailes
Comme les oiseaux.

Il voit mille choses
Plus belle encor;
Des lis et des roses
Plein de corridor.
Des lacs de délice
Où le poisson glisse
Où l'onde se plisse
À des roseaux d'or!

Enfant, rêve encore!
Dors, ô mes amours!
Ta jeune âme ignore
Où s'en vont tes jours.
Comme une algue morte,
Tu vas, que t'importe!
Le courant t'emporte,
Mais tu dors toujours!

Sans soin, sans étude,
Tu dors en chemin;
Et l'inquiétude
Á la froide main
Sur ton front candide
Qui n'a pas de ride
De sou ongle aride
N'écrit pas, demain!

Il dort, innocence!
Les anges sereius,
Qui savent d'avance
Le sort des humains;
Le voyant sans armes,
Sans peur, sans alarmes,
Baisent avec larmes
Ses petites mains.

Leurs lèvres effleurent
Les lèvres de miel.
L'enfant voit qu'ils pleurent
Et dit; Gabriel!
Mais l'ange le touche,
Et berçant sa couche,
Un doigt sur sa bouche,
Lève l'antre au ciel.

Cependant sa mère
Prompte à le bercer.
Croit qu 'une chimère
Le vient oppresser;
Fière, elle l'admire,
L'entend qui soupire.
Et le fait sourire
Avec un baiser.

HAIL, BONNY SEPTEMBER!

DORA READ GOODALE.

[By simply changing the name, this may do service for any month.]

A SUN that entices, a breeze that beguiles,
A breath as of spices in warm woodland aisles,
A flash on the hillside of crimson and flame—
We start at the token, we murmur her name—
Hail, bonny September!

I passed by the orchard, and what saw I there
But apples by thousands, red-ripe and to spare!
A feast for the nations her bounty has spread,
And gaily the mill-wheels are grinding their bread:
Heigh-ho for September!

THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

[A petition sent to the Ohio legislature in 1837.]

INTEMPERANCE cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them, paupers and beggars. It hails fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites the cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It contemns law, spurns order, and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, accuses virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up man, consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and now, as with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, still insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputations, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruins.

It does all that and more—it murders the soul. It is the son of villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

THE ARKANSAS FARMER.

A CATTLE-DEALER stopped at the house of an Arkansas farmer, and called to a man who was drawing water with an old-fashioned windlass that cried out with an alarming screak at every turn of the crank.

The man dismounted and approached the well.

"I am a cattle-buyer," said the man, "and I'd like to talk business to you."

"Can't talk business till I give these steers as much water as they want."

"How long will it take you?"

"Blamed if I know. They ain't had no water for two days, an' the well's seventy-five feet deep, an' the bucket leaks; now make your calc'lation."

"How long have you been drawing?"

"Sence sun up; an' they're jest as thirsty now as they was when I commenced."

"Why don't you drive them to the creek?"

"Thar ain't no creek in the neighborhood."

"Why don't you drive them to the river?"

"Cos they'd rush in an' drown theirselves."

"Why don't you drive them to the pond?"

"They won't drink that sorter water."

"Don't you want to sell them?"

"I would if I had the ole woman's consent, an' I think she's willin'."

"Where is she?"

"She's jest gittin' ready to go over to see one of the neighbors."

"You'd better consult her before she leaves."

"You don't know that woman like I do. It ain't safe to pester her when she's gittin' ready to go anywhar. We'll hafter wait till she gits thar."

"How far is it?"

"About nine miles."

"I see you don't care to talk business."

"No, I ain't so powerful keen."

"If you'd pay more attention to business you'd live better."

"Are you making any attempt to educate your children?"

"Yes, an' they're gittin' along fine. Jim hit a nigger with a rock yisterday, Bob sassed a jestice of the peace, an' Buck ain't afeerd of anything. That's a mighty good showin', let me tell you;" and the windlass screaked and the steers walled their eyes.

"Are all of your children boys?"

"They might have been ef it hadn't been fur one thing."

"What was that?"

"One of them was a gal."

"Where is she now?"

"Married to the triflin'est feller I ever seed."

"Well, there's no use fooling with you. Good day."

"Good day," and the farmer turned the crank, muttering to himself: "Nosin' round here tryin' to find out who's got whiskey. A man haster be mighty smart these days."

TIM'S MADONNA.

ELIZABETH D. RENNINGER.

[From the *Rosary Magazine.*]

"HULLO, old chap! How's the leg to-night? Hurts pretty bad, does it? Well, now see here! You just wait till I hustle around and get your tea; then I've somethin' so good to tell you, you'll forget you have a leg. What's that? You can't wait until after tea? Well, then, I tell you what to do: S'pose you shut your eyes and try to guess what I have to tell you! Only three guesses, remember!"

"An orange for tea!"

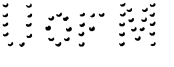
"Well, bless my heart! Does the child expect oranges for tea, now that we've licked the Spaniards, and have no one to fight with but just our own selves? Why, Joey! You can't make no glorious, Fourth-o'-July headlines out o' that, or call out 'Extra!' every hour, either. No, it's dull times in the newspaper business just now, Joey, and you mustn't be so unreasonable as to expect war suppers in time o' peace! An orange for tea! Oh, you silly! to guess a little thing like that, when it's the grandest thing in the world. Now guess again!"

"A whole picture-book full of beautiful madonnas like the one mother gave us when she died!"

"Oh, better than that, Joey,—a thousand times better than this whole room full o' picture-books! Now, only one more chance, and, O Joey, guess big!"

"A brand new leg, so you can run about like other fellers, and not be a cripple any more!"

"Oh, Joey! Joey! Wouldn't that be just fine? Wouldn't we sell the papers then? And wouldn't we have the war suppers? Oh, cracky! It gets harder every day, old chap, to go off and leave you here all alone, with no one to talk to, and nothin' to amuse yourself with. So, instead o' yellin' out funny head-lines like I used to do to make people laugh and buy my papers, I just keep thinkin: If only Joey could walk! If only Joey needn't be at home all alone! Well, yesterday I was feelin' purty blue about you as I came up Main street, with my head sort o' down, not lookin' much where I was goin'. Suddenly somebody shouted, sort o' laughin' like: 'Hullo, old Sleepin' Beauty! Ef you don't look out, I'll run right over you!' I looked up and there was a little crippled chap, just like you, Joey, in some sort of a new-fangled wheel-chair, all alone, pushin' himself along just as easy as anything, and goin' just where he pleased. At first, I was so surprised I didn't say a thing, and he just set there a-grinnin' at me sort o' comical like. Then I grinned, too, and ast him, would he let me see how the thing worked anyhow, 'cause I had a little crippled brother at home just like him. I ast him, too, how much his pa paid for the chair, 'cause I must have one for my brother. He laughed sort o' scornful like and said he guessed I wouldn't buy one just right away, 'cause his pa paid over a thousand dollars for it. His pa was rich, he said,—richer than the president of the United States—and could buy anything. A thousand dollars must be a heap o' money, Joey; but all the way home I kept a-sayin' to myself: Joey must have a wheeled-chair! Joey must have a wheeled-chair, even if it does cost a thousand dollars! But how to get it? that was the puzzler. Well, when I got home, I didn't tell you a thing about it, 'cause I didn't see where in creation the chair was to come from, and I didn't want you to be disappointed; but after you went to bed, I sat here thinkin' and thinkin', somethin' like this: In two weeks it will be Christmas. I



wonder if we begged real hard whether Santa Claus wouldn't bring Joey the wheeled-chair! But then I thought o' last Christmas, how we hung up our stockin's, and found them empty Christmas morning, and how you cried, Joey,—'cause you were only a little chap then—and somehow I couldn't get up much faith in old Santa. I had been sort o' talkin' to myself, 'cause I was thinkin' so hard, and I says right out loud, just as if I was talkin' to someone: 'The thing that's puzzlin' me is, when a fellow loses faith in Santa Claus, what in creation is he to believe in?' And now comes the funny part: I had been holdin' mother's madonna in my hand, 'cause you dropped it when you fell asleep, and would you believe it? When I ast that question, sore o' fierce like, I happened to look at the Madonna, and what do you think? There she was, a-noddin' and a-smilin' at me just as sweet as anything, and then she said, sort o' soft like: 'Trust in me, Tim; I'll get Joey the wheeled-chair. You and Joey trust in me—hard!' And I mean to trust her, Joey—trust her hard—and so must you. Every mornin' we'll say a special Ave Maria to her, tellin' her how we trust her,—and O Joey—just think: In two weeks it will be Christmas; then no more loneliness, no more stayin' at home all by yourself. Oh, won't it be jolly, showin' you the shop windows and everythin'! Ah! that makes you smile, doesn't it, Joey? But now we must go to sleep; but remember, Joey, she says we're to trust her hard!"

Time passed on, until Christmas was only four days distant. Hurrying home one evening at dusk, after a discouraging day, Tim was thinking of this fact with great satisfaction, when suddenly he came to a dead standstill. Just in front of him was a fruit-stand kept by an old Italian, who was packing up for the night. Unperceived by the old man, a large orange had rolled from the stand to the ground, and lay there half concealed by some rubbish. Tim's first impulse was to pick the orange up and give it to the Italian; then a fierce temptation seized him. Joey's poor little pinched, eager face came up before him, and it seemed as if he *must* have that orange to give him. He could just imagine how good it would taste to his poor, dry throat! Should he take it while the old man had his back turned? No, that would be stealing; but if he walked around the block three times and the orange was still

there when he came back, why, then it was Joey's. *That* would not be stealing!

So around the block he went.

As he came to the fruit-stand the third time, there lay the orange, so large and yellow! Only, somehow, as he picked it up and started once more toward home, a great load seemed to settle down upon him,—but then, Joey would be pleased,—Joey, who grew thinner and paler every day!

Arriving at home, he found Joey with a smile on his face and the dear Madonna clasped tight in his hands. When he saw the beautiful orange that Tim held out to him, he dropped the picture, clasping his hands in silent ecstasy. He soon found his tongue, however, and chattered all the evening about Tim's good luck in finding the orange, about Christmas, and the dear Madonna who was to work such miracles for them.

After Joey had gone to sleep, slowly and reluctantly Tim picked up the picture, which had fallen onto the coverlet, and gazed into the eyes that, hitherto, had brought such comfort to his heart. But, ah! No smile greeted him to-night. The face looked sad, and the eyes reproachful. Tim could not bear it. He seemed to hear her whisper:

"O Tim! Tim! How could you do it? How could you do it?"

Oh, how the days dragged after that! Tim repeated over and over:

"You know, dear Lady, in spite of everything, you said: 'Trust me, Tim; I'll get Joey the wheeled-chair for Christmas;' and I do trust you, trust you hard—even though you are disappointed in me."

On Christmas eve the children went to bed early; but neither slept. Joey was restless and excited, and when he found that Tim was not asleep, either, he prattled about his chair.

Christmas morning dawned clear and beautiful. Slowly the two pairs of eyes traveled around the little attic, but found not the object of their search. Tim's heart sank, but he braced himself and said to Joey, who was looking disappointed:

"Why, old man, you didn't expect it first thing, did you? Why, that would be ridicolous! A new-fangled thing like that has to be handled careful like and in daylight, so as not to smash it. When it gets real light, I'll get up and get breakfast; then we can *begin* to expect it; but laws! but laws!"—putting

on a cheerful, philosophic air—" it may not come until night, for you know it's only two weeks since the thing was ordered, and you can't make a thousand-dollar chair all in a minute. It's bound to come to-day sometime, because she said so; but you mustn't be onreasonable!"

All the time his own heart was like lead, and when he gazed up at the Madonna and said his Ave Maria, the dumb, pleading look in his eyes was enough to melt the hardest heart; but he only repeated his old prayer.

Slowly the morning wore on, the children holding their breath at every sound; but nobody came.

Afternoon came and waned; it began to get dark; still no signs of the chair. At last Tim could stand the pitiful look in Joey's eyes no longer and, mumbling something about the evening papers, he rushed out into the street.

Up and down he wandered,—fighting, fighting! Yes, he would own it now: It was his fault that Joey did not get his chair. He had grieved the dear Madonna, and then would not confess his sin. Oh, what should he do! What should he do! All at once he took his resolve: He would go to the great cathedral, which he had avoided lately, and confess his sin—oh, so humbly!—to the Holy Mother. Surely she would forgive him when she saw how truly sorry he was, and perhaps she would help him think of something comforting to say to Joey,—poor Joey, who must now do without his chair! Yes, he would go to the cathedral!

Quickly retracing his steps, in a few minutes he reached the great edifice. A Christmas peace seemed to have settled over the square, which was deserted, save that a single elegant turnout waited before the cathedral door.

Slowly Tim climbed the cathedral steps, almost reaching the top, when—what was this that happened? Suddenly, the great cathedral doors swung wide, and—why surely it was the dear Madonna herself who swept majestically toward him, wearing the same beautiful, compassionate mother look that had comforted his lonely heart so many times before!

Never doubting, Tim fell upon his knees before her, and interrupted only now and then by a quickly repressed sob, he poured out the whole story: His sin, stubbornly persisted in; Joey's disappointment; his own sorrow and bitter repentance; everything,—begging only that she would help him to comfort

Joey, who through his wickedness must suffer such bitter disappointment.

It was all told at last. Will Tim ever forget the beautiful, compassionate face that bent so tenderly over him, the sweet voice that questioned and whispered comfort in the same breath; the beautiful eyes that told him he was forgiven; the loving arms that raised and caressed him; the sweet lips that softly touched his forehead in benediction, and the last whispered injunction to spend an hour in the cathedral at the feet of the Holy Mother!

The experience of that hour seemed to Tim like a beautiful dream. As he neared home, a shade of sadness crept over him, for he could not but think of Joey's cruel disappointment. But what rumbling noise was this that greeted his ear, as he reached the head of the stairs? With heart beating tumultuously he opened the attic door, and what a sight greeted him! There sat Joey, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes, in the much-coveted wheeled-chair, propelling himself proudly about the little room. And, what a room! In one corner stood a beautiful little Christmas tree, all ablaze with light and beauty, while underneath was spread in glorious profusion, great yellow oranges, candy, and nuts, as though dropped there by the white-bearded old Santa Claus perched, with bright eyes and jolly round body, on the tip-top of the tree.

Over the fireplace were suspended two pairs of giant stockings, bulged out in the most grotesque shapes by their varied contents; while underneath were piled picture-books in abundance. Last, but by no means least, was the Christmas feast spread on a table that just groaned with its weight of turkey, mince-pie, plum-pudding, cranberry sauce, and all sorts of Christmas goodies.

"O Tim! O Tim! Do you see my chair? Do see how I can make it go? And do you see the Christmas tree, and the stockings, and—now don't you believe in Santa Claus? And *just* see those picture-books! O Tim! We've got everything—everything! Just look at that war supper, will you! And a drum, Tim! Do you see my drum?"

Oh, that was a glorious night,—a Christmas long to be remembered!

After tasting and examining everything over and over, the boys, in the wee small hours, finally snuggled down in their

little bed, Joey with his dear Madonna clasped tight to his breast. Still too excited to sleep, Joey worked off his surplus emotion by kissing, in turn, the beloved picture, then Tim. Presently, he quieted down and nestling in Tim's arms, with a little sigh, he said:

"After all, Timsey dear, I've missed the best of it, 'cause I didn't see the dear Madonna when she brought the things,—nor Santa Claus, either. You see it was like this: After you went away, I couldn't be brave any more, 'cause it had got so late I thought my chair wasn't coming after all, and I didn't see how I *could* go on staying all alone any longer, especially if I had to lose faith in the dear Madonna, as well as in Santa Claus. So, finally, when it got dark, and you didn't come and the Madonna didn't come, either, I just gave up all hope and cried and cried. Then I guess I fell asleep, and when I woke up,—why, there was everything! But I wish I might have seen her, really, just once, Timsey dear,—and the reindeer; don't you?"

But Tim only smiled softly to himself and kissed Joey, as he dropped off into dreamland, and the angels, who keep watch beside the beds of all God's little ones, gave to the sleeping children pleasant dreams, while over and above them, as a pledge of future care and protection, hovered lovingly Tim's Madonna.

I HEARD a great big lion in the bush,"
Said he; "along the river—" "Freddy, hush!"
Said his mamma; "you talk at random, dear,
For there were never any lions here."

"Oh, then it must have been a bear,—
A cross old bear; he might have killed me dead!"
"Why, Freddy!" said mamma; "you talk so wild;
The bears were all killed long ago, my child."

"A wild cat or coyote, then," said he;
But mamma said: "No, it could not be."
"You think," said Fred, "that it was just a calf?
That's what you said—I wish you wouldn't laugh.
'Twas getting dark—I hadn't time to look;
But anyhow, I know the bushes shook!"

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"YETH! And Chimo to sleep at ve foot of ve bed, and ve pink pikky-book, and ve bwead—'cause I will be hungwy in ve night—and vat's all, Miss Biddums. And now give me one kiss and I'll go to sleep. So! Kite quiet. Ow! Ve pink pikky-book has slidded under ve pillow and ve bwead is cwumbling! Miss Biddums! Miss *Bid*-dums! I'm so uncomfy! Come and tuck me up, Miss Biddums!"

His Majesty the King was going to bed; and poor patient Miss Biddums was forced to wait upon his royal caprices. At the door of the nursery, however, the authority of His Majesty the King stopped. Beyond lay the empire of his father and mother—two very terrible people who had no time to waste upon His Majesty the King. His voice was lowered when he passed the frontier of his own dominions, his actions were fettered, and his soul was filled with awe because of the grim man who lived among a wilderness of pigeon-holes, and the wonderful woman who was always getting into or out of the big carriage.

There was no room for His Majesty the King either in official reserve or in worldly gorgeousness. He had discovered that ages and ages ago. His Majesty, therefore, wisely confined himself to his own territories, where no one disputed his sway.

How was His Majesty the King to know that, six years ago, in the summer of his birth, his mother, turning over her husband's papers, had come upon the intemperate letter of a foolish woman who had been carried away by the silent man's strength and personal beauty? How could he tell what evil the overlooked slip of notepaper had wrought in the mind of a desperately jealous wife? How could he guess that his mother had chosen

to make of it a bar between herself and her husband that strengthened and grew harder to break with each year?

These things were beyond the province of His Majesty the King. He only knew that his father was daily absorbed in some mysterious work, and that his mother went to many entertainments, whither she was escorted by a captain-man for whom His Majesty the King had no regard.

Miss Biddums spoilt him, and His Majesty repaid the affection which she lavished upon him with interest. Now and again Miss Biddums begged for him the rare pleasure of a day in the society of the commissioner's child,— the wilful four-year-old Patsie, who, to the intense amazement of His Majesty the King, was idolized by her parents. On thinking the question out at length, by roads unknown to those who have left childhood behind, he came to the conclusion that Patsie was petted because she wore a big blue sash and yellow hair.

This precious discovery he kept to himself. The yellow hair was absolutely beyond his power, his own tousled wig being potato-brown; but something might be done toward the blue sash.

"Patsie, lend me your blue wiband," said His Majesty the King.

"You'll bewy it," said Patsie, doubtfully, mindful of certain fearful atrocities committed on her doll.

"No, I won't—troofanhonor. It's for me to wear."

"Pooh! Boys don't wear sashes. Zey's only for dirls."

"Oh! I didn't know."

The face of His Majesty the King fell.

"Who wants ribands? Are you playing horses, chickabiddies?" said the commissioner's wife, stepping onto the veranda.

"Toby wanted my sash," explained Patsie.

"I'll give you a cracker-cap," said the commissioner's wife. "Come along with me, Toby, and we'll choose it."

The cracker-cap was a stiff, three-pointed vermilion-and-tinsel splendor. His Majesty the King fitted it upon his royal brow.

"Will it do as well?"

"As what, little one?"

"As ve wiban?"

"Oh, quite. Go and look at yourself in the glass."

His Majesty the King swung the great cheval-glass down, and saw his head crowned with the staring horror of a fool's cap—a thing which his father would rend to pieces if it ever came into his office. He plucked it off and burst into tears.

"Toby, you shouldn't give way to temper. I am very sorry to see it. It's wrong."

His Majesty the King sobbed inconsolably, and the heart of Patsie's mother was touched. She drew the child to her knee. Clearly it was not temper alone.

"What is it, Toby? Won't you tell me? Aren't you well?"

The torrent of sobs and speech met, and fought for a time with chokings and gulpings and gasps. Then in a sudden rush, His Majesty the King was delivered of a few inarticulate sounds, followed by the words: "Go a —way, you—dirty—little debbil!"

"Toby! What do you mean?"

"It's what he'd say. I *know* it is. He said vat when vere was only a little, little eggy mess on my t-tunic, and he'd say it again, and laugh, if I went in wif vat on my head."

"Who would say that?"

"M-m-my papa! And I fought if I had ve blue wiban, he'd let me play in ve waste-paper basket under ve table."

"What blue riband, childie?"

"Ve same vat Patsie had—ve big blue wiban w-w-wound my t-t-tummy!"

"What is it, Toby? There's something on your mind. Tell me all about it, and perhaps I can help."

"Isn't anyfing, I only fought vat you—you petted Patsie 'cause she had ve blue wiban, and—and if I'd had ve blue wiban, too, m-my papa w-would pet me."

The secret was out, and His Majesty the King sobbed bitterly in spite of the arms around him, and the murmur of comfort on his heated little forehead.

After His Majesty the King had gone home, somewhat consoled by the tenderness of the commissioner's wife, that lady said:

"Poor little mite! A blue sash—and my own precious Patsie! I wonder if the best of us, or we who love them best, ever understood what goes on in their topsy-turvy little heads."

Thenceforward, His Majesty the King was an honored guest at the commissioner's house. Yet in spite of Patsie and Patsie's mamma, and the love that these two lavished upon him, His Majesty the King fell grievously from grace, and committed no less sin than theft.

There came a man to the door one day, when His Majesty was playing in the hall, with a packet for His Majesty's mamma. He put it upon the hall-table, and said that there was no answer, and departed.

The packet, a white, neatly wrapped one of fascinating shape, interested His majesty very much indeed. His mamma was out, so was Miss Biddums, and there was a pink string round the packet. He greatly desired pink string. It would help him in many of his little businesses. If he took the string, it would be his own, and nobody would be any the wiser. Wherefore, mounting upon a chair, he carefully untied it, and, behold, the stiff white paper spread out in four directions, and revealed a beautiful little leather box with gold lines upon it! He tried to replace the string, but that was a failure. So he opened the box to get full satisfaction for his iniquity, and saw a most beautiful star that shone and winked, as was altogether lovely and desirable.

"Vat is a 'parkle cwown, like what I will wear when I go to heaven. I will wear it on my head—Miss Bid-

dums says so. I would like to wear it *now*. I would like to play wiv it. I will take it away and play wiv it very careful, until mamma asks for it. I fink it was bought for me to play wiv—same as my cart."

His Majesty the King was arguing against his conscience, and he knew it, for he thought immediately after:

"Never mind, I will keep it to play wiv until mamma says where it is, and then I will say: 'I tookt it and I am sorry.' I will not hurt it because it is a 'parkle cwown. But Miss Biddums will tell me to put it back. I will not show it to Miss Biddums."

If mamma had come in at that moment all would have gone well. She did not, and His Majesty the King stuffed paper, case, and jewel into the breast of his blouse and marched to the nursery.

Days passed and mamma made no inquiries and it seemed to His Majesty the King as though the shiny stones grew dim. What was the use of a "'parkle cwown" if it made a little boy feel all bad in his inside?

But release came after an afternoon spent in playing boats by the edge of the tank at the bottom of the garden. His Majesty the King went to tea and the meal revolted him.

"I feel vevy funny. Vere's a buzz-buzz in my head."

The sin of the "'parkle cwown" was forgotten in the acuteness of the discomfort to which he was roused after a leaden sleep of some hours.

"I want a dwink of water! I want a dwink. Vere is. ve glass? Miss Biddums! Miss Biddums! I so kirsty!"

There was a murmur of voices from the other side of the nursery door. It was better to face the terrible unknown than to choke in the dark, so His Majesty slipped out of bed, pushed the door open and staggered—a puffed and purple-faced little figure—into the brilliant light of the dining-room full of pretty ladies.

"I'm vevy hot. I'm vevy uncomfitivle, and vere's no

water in ve glass, and I'm so kirsty. Give me a dwink of water."

An apparition in black and white lifted him up and felt his wrists and forehead. The water came and he drank deeply. Then everyone seemed to go away, except the huge man in black and white who carried him back to his bed, the mother and father following. And the sin of the "'parkle cwown" rushed back and took possession of the terrified soul.

"I'm a fief! I want to tell Miss Biddums vat I am a fief. Vere is Miss Biddums?"

Miss Biddums had come and was bending over him.

"I'm a fief—like ve men in the pwison. I tookt—I tookt ve 'parkle cwown. I bwoke ve paper and ve little brown box, and it looked shiny, and I tookt it to play wiv and I was afwaid. It's in ve dooly-box at ve bottom. No one never asked for it. Oh, go and get ve dooly-box!"

Miss Biddums obediently unearthed the big paper box in which His Majesty the King kept his dearest possessions, and there under the tin soldiers, and a layer of mud pellets winked and blazed a diamond star, wrapped roughly in a half-sheet of note-paper, whereon were a few words.

Somebody was crying at the head of the bed, and a man's hand touched the forehead of His Majesty the King, who grasped the packet and spread it on the bed.

"Vat is ve 'parkle cwown!"

"It concerns you, too," said the voice at the head of the bed. "Read the note. This is not the time to keep anything back."

The note was curt, very much to the point and signed by a single initial. "*If you wear this to-morrow night, I shall know what to expect.*" The date was three weeks old.

A whisper followed and the deeper voice returned:

"And you drifted as far apart as *that?* I think it makes us quits now, doesn't it? Oh, can't we drop this

folly once and for all? Is it worth it, darling?"

"Kiss me, too," said His Majesty the King. "You isn't vevy angwy, is you?"

The fever burned itself out, and His Majesty the King slept.

When he waked, it was in a new world—peopled by his father and mother as well as Miss Biddums; and there was much love in that world, and more petting than was good for several little boys. His Majesty the King was too young to moralize on the uncertainty of things human, or he would have been impressed with the singular advantages of crime, for, behold! he had stolen the "'parkle cwown," and his reward was love and the right to play in the waste-paper basket under the table "for always."

THE BORROWED CHILD.

HOWARD WEEDEN.

[From "Bandanna Ballads," by permission of the author and Doubleday & McClure Co. Copyrighted, 1899, by Doubleday & McClure Co.]

MY chile? Lord, no, she's none o' mine;
She's des one I have tried
To put in place of Anna Jane—
My little one what died.

Dat's long ago; no one but me
Knows even whar she lies.
But in her place I've always kept
A borrowed chile, her size.

As soon as it outgrows my chile,
I lets it go right straight—
An' takes another in its place
To match dat heavenly mate.

It's took a sight o' chillun, sho',
To ease dat dull ol' pain,
An' keep de pretty likeness fresh
O' my dead Anna Jane.

Der's more dan forty years, you see,
Since she has been in heaven,
But wid de angels years don't count—
So she's still only seben.

Time treats us all up dere, des lak
It do white ladies here—
It teches 'em so light—one's still
A gal, at forty year.

AMPHION.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY father left a park to me,
But it is wild and barren,
A garden, too, with scarce a tree,
And waster than a warren;
Yet, say the neighbors when they call,
It is not bad but good land,
And in it is the germ of all
That grows within the woodland.

O had I lived when song was great—
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion!
And had I lived when song was great
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate
And fiddled in the timber!

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
  Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
  He left a small plantation;
Wherever in a lonely grove
  He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move
  And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirred its bushy crown,
  And, so tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down,
  Coquetting with young beeches;
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
  Ran forward to his rhyming;
And from the valleys underneath
  Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
  The woodbine wreaths that bound her,
And down the middle, *buzz!* she went,
  With all her bees behind her.
The poplars, in long order due,
  With cypress promenaded;
The shock-head willows, two and two,
  By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
  Came yews, a dismal coterie;
Each plucked his one foot from the grave,
  Poussetting with a sloe-tree.
Old elms came breaking from the vine,
  The vine streamed out to follow,
And, sweating rosin, plumped the pine
  From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
  When, ere his song was ended,
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
  The country-side descended;

And shepherds from the mountain-eaves
  Looked down, half-pleased, half-frightened,
As dashed about the drunken leaves
  The random sunshine lightened!

Oh, Nature first was fresh to men,
  And wanton without measure;
So youthful and so flexile then,
  You moved her at your pleasure.
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs,
  And make her dance attendance!
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set springs,
  And scirrhous roots and tendons!

'Tis vain! In such a brassy age
  I could not move a thistle;
The very sparrows in the hedge
  Scarce answer to my whistle;
Or, at the most, when, three-parts sick
  With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick,
  The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? A sound
  Like sleepy counsel pleading.
O Lord! 'Tis in my neighbors ground,
  The modern Muses reading.
They read botanic treatises
  And works on gardening through there,
And methods of transplanting trees,
  To look as if they grew there.

The withered misses! how they prose
  O'er books of traveled seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
  From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbors clipt and cut,
  And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut
  And warmed in crystal cases.

But these, though fed with careful dirt,
  Are neither green nor sappy;
Half-conscious of the garden squirt,
  The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to be the meanest weed
  That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
  Beside its native fountain.

And I must work through months of toil
  And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
  To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
  I will not vex my bosom,
Enough if at the end of all
  A little garden blossom.

GUENN.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

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[The scene of the story is located in Plouvenec on the coast of Brittany, a place to which artists flock in the summer for the purpose of making studies of the coast and the ocean and the simple Breton fisherfolk. Guenn Rodellec, a motherless girl with a brutal father, is the heroine of the story. Beautiful, strong, and courageous, she was a leader in the little village. Unlike her girl friends, she scorned to serve as a model for any of the visiting artists, until Hamor came to Plouvenec. His artistic eye was at once attracted by her beauty, and, finally, after much persuasion, he induced her to pose for him. Then, as if by magic, rough and untamed as she was, she grew to love this indifferent man of the world, so far above her station, until she would have died for him. Her father, on the contrary, for trivial causes, hated Hamor with all the energy or his sullen, brutal nature, and at length he persuaded Hoël and Nives, two sworn friends—the latter a young sailor deeply in love with Guenn—to lie in wait with him for the artist, one dark night, in order to kill him.]

BETWEEN five and six dense darkness prevailed in the lanes through which Hamor always returned from the Point. Behind a great wall, where a narrow path intersected a broader, stood three men.

Presently sabots sounded on the stepping-stones.

"The gars walks like a cat," thought Hoël.

The footsteps came nearer.

Hoël peered from behind the corner of the wall. It was very dark; but surely the painter was taller than this. Rodellec from behind gave an impatient signal.

"It must be the grog that makes my eyes queer," thought Hoël, rushing violently against the advancing person, who, however, received him with a very well-aimed blow in the breast.

"Keep to your own side of the road, will you?" called a girl's voice, angrily. "What do you mean, stupid! almost knocking a body down?"

"Where's your milk-faced painter?" demanded Loïc, furiously.

His unguarded words were checked too late by Rodellec. Guenn stood looking at them with unutterable scorn, measuring them from head to foot.

"Oh! you were waiting for Monsieur Hamor, were you?" she said, slowly. "What! only three? Was there nobody else to keep you company and lurk in the dark, and strike down a young fellow that comes singing along the lanes, because he's got a good conscience and never did any harm to anybody in his life?"

Hoël felt suddenly sobered, and began to look uncomfortable. Guenn had not yet glanced at her father, who was wrathfully considering the awkward turn of events.

"Who told you we were waiting for Hamor?" Nives asked, sullenly.

"You yourself just now, Loïc Nives, with your own stupid tongue!"

He could not deny this, and cursed his awkwardness.

"Who said we were going to do any harm?" asked Hoël, in his weak fashion.

"When three men—like you—hide in a place like this, after dark,"—she shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"Now see here," Rodellec at last began, "you can't play anything off on us. We've got you here, and answer you shall."

His tone was so rough and threatening that even Nives stepped forward with some anxiety.

Guenn folded her arms across her breast, and looked calmly at her father.

"Now I must be wise for his sake," she thought, her heart beating high with courage and devotion.

"Don't you lie now!"

"I never lie."

"Where did you leave him?"

"Leave whom?"

"Don't catechise me! You know well enough;—him,—the painter,—Hamor," roared Rodellec.

"In his atelier, at half-past ten o'clock this morning."

He thrust the lantern close to her face. It almost seemed that she was smiling.

"Is that the last time you saw him?"

"Yes."

Rodellec threw the lantern light along the dark roads, and peered suspiciously in every direction.

"You needn't think he's hiding! You needn't think he sent me—a girl—along in front of him. *He* isn't a coward!"

"Where's the painter?"

"I heard him say this morning that he was going down on the Point. I told you, I haven't seen him since."

"Are you going to tell him to-morrow that he'd better not sing along lanes after dark for fear of spoiling his voice?" demanded Nives, jealous and angry.

She could not resist a mocking reply.

"If you don't do more harm than you've done to-night, I shall need to tell nothing whatever."

Her father leaned toward her fiercely.

"And if we do?"

"But you won't, you know," she said, nonchalantly.

He made an ugly movement.

"Let her alone, Rodellec. She isn't to blame," urged Nives, brutal himself, but young and in love.

She turned toward him aggressively, her hands on her hips.

"Suppose you hold your tongue, Loïc Nives. Guenn Rodellec never needed such as you to fight her battles, and less this moment than ever before. I despise you and your ways, and I'll never give you a decent word again as long as I live! Skulking behind a wall! Shame!"

"Stop that, you vixen," interposed her father. "Answer me. Did you tell that fool not to come home this way?"

"I did not tell Monsieur Hamor," with a respectful intonation, "not to come home this way."

"Did you tell him we were waiting for him?"

"I did not."

"Did you know we were waiting for him?"

Guenn tossed her wisdom and coolness to the night-winds. She flung up her arms, let them fall with her desperate gesture, and said hotly:

"Oh, what does it matter what I know, or don't know! I know three Bretons—Plouvenec men, good sailors,—brave enough on sea to be something better than cowards and murderers on land—are standing here glaring at me—a girl—as if they were afraid of me, because their hearts are blacker than the night they've chosen for their dirty work. That's what I know. Make the most of it!"

In some way the young girl, helpless in the dark lane before these men, seemed to be getting the better of them.

"What has he ever done to any of you?" she went on. "Nothing, and you know it! Kill me if you will.

Chop me up in little pieces, and fling me over the wall! What do I care? You can't frighten me. You can't prevent me from having my say. You have had yours," she faced her father directly. "I never told of you, so help me, my dead mother. But you've made me answer before these me. Now answer me!"

Before the imperious, ringing voice every man of them felt abashed. Rodellec was the first to rally.

"Look here now. This high and mighty won't do."

"I want to know what he has ever done to you," she persisted.

"This is the first time I ever saw a girl trying to confess her own father," sneered Rodellec. "One thing he's done,—he's bewitched you, sure enough. He's made you forget what a steady, honest girl ought to remember."

"He hasn't," cried Guenn, with flashing eyes. "He never did anything in his life that wasn't good,—too good for such as you to understand!"

"Guenn," said Hoël, timidly, touching her in an ingratiating manner on the elbow, "don't be angry. I don't mean any harm, you know. It would be natural enough for any man, I don't deny,—such a pretty little lass as you are. But did he ever—kiss you—quite accidental-like, of course?"

"He!" exclaimed the girl, with superb scorn for the question and questioner. "That shows how mean your thoughts are. He!—he never thought of anything so small as that. He only thinks of sunsets and lovely colors, and great drooping trees and the sea, and every little flower and herb, and every little child's face. He lifts every little child up in his arms. He cares for a lame dog, for a tired horse, for everything that suffers. I've seen him look sorry for a faded rose. And you—cowards—hide here to kill him!"

"What makes you watch him so close?" sneered her father.

She gave a little start, then answered coldly:

"Everybody in Plouvenec knows Guenn Rodellec likes fair play; I wouldn't see a dog hurt if I could help it."

"If you are lying to me!—if you told him not to come back by this lane to-day!"

"But I didn't," she cried, vehemently. "*I* tell against Plouvenec men, unless it was to save a life? I, Guenn Rodellec, say to a strange gars that three Breton sailors are three mean, dirty cowards? I would bite out my tongue first. Can't you see that I am ashamed, deathly ashamed of you,—ashamed of myself for belonging to you? I would rather die than tell such a thing to him,—than put anything so ugly, so like a creeping slimy snake among his beautiful white thoughts. Oh, it is no use talking about him to you," she said, with disdain. "You can't understand. You crawl in the dirt. He is up among the clouds. His life is as far from yours as heaven from earth. Don't I know? Haven't I seen, day by day? And I didn't know at first; I did not understand. I was like you—except," haughtily, "I never was a coward. And because he is good you hate him! Because everybody loves him; because he is kind to all Plouvenec; because he does not get drunk, and lose his brain, and act like a madman and a beast! Because he works harder than you all, early and late, and when he is tired and discouraged; for I know when he is that, I know every line of his face—and he is patient, he doesn't rave and swear like you. Because his life is clean like his hands, you hate him,—cowards! Oh, I was proud of my Plouvenec,—and now,—now—I am ashamed! And if you want to know about me, and what I'm going to do, I'll tell you three,—straight in your faces,—I never did tell of you," facing her father now squarely. "I never knew how to tell of you." (A great sob broke in her innocent throat.) "I never will tell of you if I can help it; but I will keep you from harming a hair of his head. I shall find you out, whatever you do. I will stand between him and you. I would never have stood

against a Plouvenec man in a fair fight with any stranger living, not even him; but cowards and murderers shan't have their way with a man like him,—not while I can spy out their wicked plots, and tell them to their faces what I think of them,—as I tell you now, you three! And if the day comes when I must go to him and stand before him, if I must say 'Hoël and Nives and Rodellec are howling after you, like wolves thirsting for your innocent blood,'—I will say it, so help me, Our Lady of the Isles. If you act, I act. If you are quiet, I am quiet. If I can save him without speaking, I will. If not,—I speak! I, Guenn Rodellec, say it; and here I am! What my tongue has said and your ears have heard is true this night, and true for all life. Remember!"

AN IRREPRESSIBLE BOY.

HE worried the cat, he played rat-tat-tat
On the window-panes a full hour by the clock.
He tried roller-skates where dishes and plates
In jeopardy lay, till some fell with a shock.

With an Indian yell on the doll's house he fell,
And added that poor dolly's scalp to his belt;
And then knocked off its toes and its fair Grecian nose—
Which same was of wax—he proceeded to melt.

Two tubs he upset without one regret;
He stood on his head till his face it turned blue;
A curtain he tore and then sighed for more
Inventively mischievous things he might do.

He hid granny's "specs," but that didn't vex;
Her face brightened up with his fun and his noise.
"One sweet kiss repaid for all," so she said,
Resignedly adding that "boys will be boys!"

But strangest of all at night's quiet fall
How meekly, how placidly, this rogue would say:
"Good night, mamma dear! Good night, papa dear!
I've tried hard to be such a good boy to-day."

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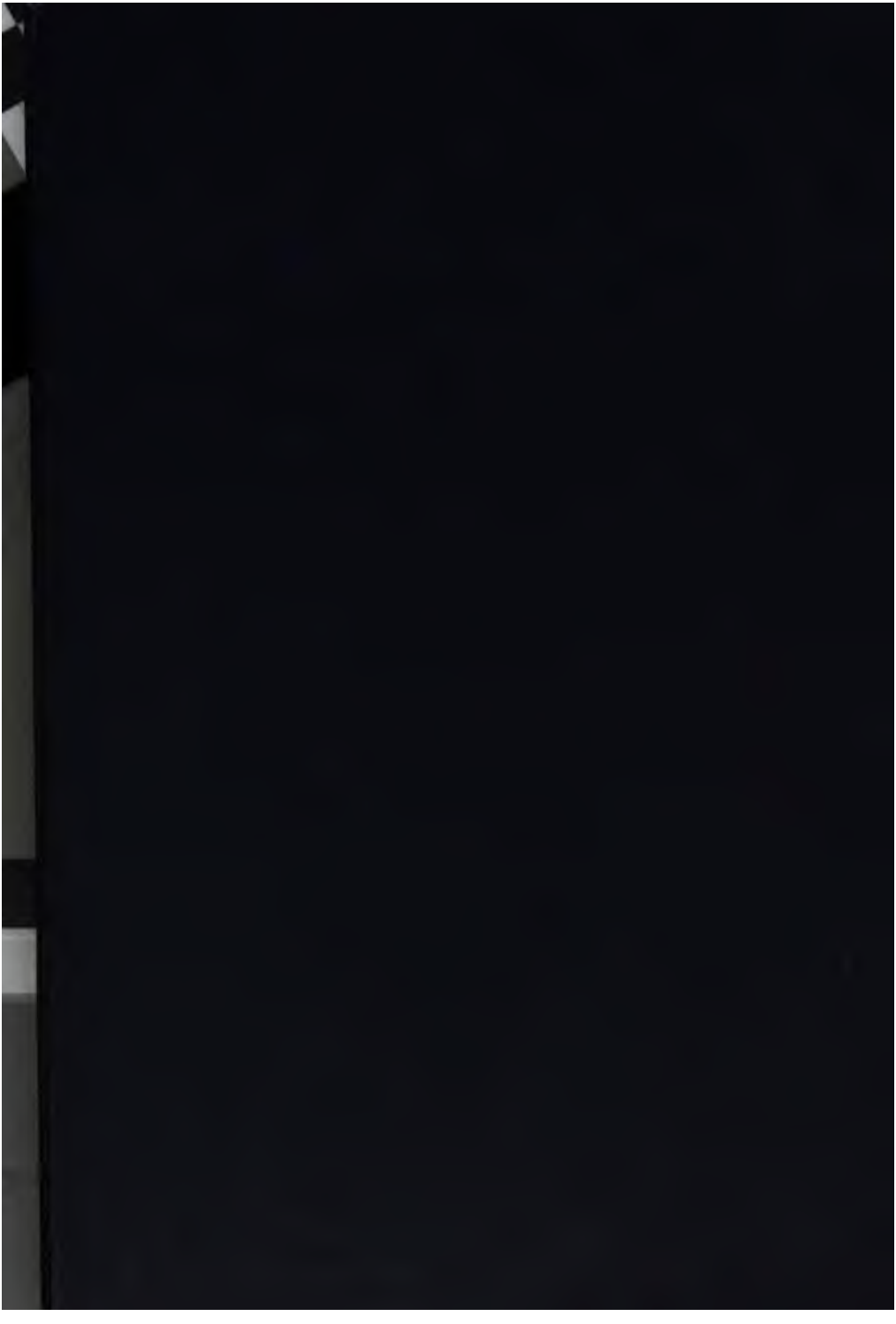
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